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No. 51

17 DECEMBER 1973

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THE NEW YORK REVIEW
13 December 1973

The Art and Arts of E. Howard Hunt

Gore Vidal

From December 7, 1941, to August 15, 1973, the United States has been continuously at war except for a brief, too little celebrated interregnum. Between 1945 and 1950 the empire turned its attention to peaceful pursuits and enjoyed something of a golden or at least for us not too brazen an age. The arts in particular flourished. Each week new genius was revealed by the press; and old genius decently buried. Among the new novelists of that far-off time were Truman Capote (today a much loved television performer) and myself. Although we were coevals (a word that the late William Faulkner thought meant evil at the same time as), we were unlike: Capote looked upon the gorgeous Speed Lamkin as a true tiger in the Capotean garden where I saw mere lamkin astray in my devouring jungle.

The one thing that Capote and I did have in common was a need for money. And so each of us applied to the Guggenheim Foundation for a grant; and each was turned down. Shocked, we compared notes. Studied the list of those who had received grants. "Will you just look," moaned Truman, "at those *ahh*-full *pee*-pull they keep giving *muh*-nee to!" Except for the admirable Carson McCullers who got so many grants in her day that she was known as the conductress on the gravy train, the list of honored writers was not to our minds distinguished. Typical of the sort of novelist the Guggenheims preferred to Capote and me in 1946 was twenty-eight-year-old (practically middle-aged) Howard Hunt, author of *East of Farewell* (Random House, 1943); a novel described by the publishers as "probably the first novel about this war by an American who actually helped fight it." The blurb is unusually excited. Apparently, H. H. "grew up like any other American boy" (no tap-dancing on a river boat for him) "going to public schools and to college (Brown University, where he studied under I. J. Kapstein)."

A clue. I slip into reverie. Kapstein will prove to be my Rosebud. The key to the Hunt mystery. But does Kapstein still live? Will he talk? Or is he afraid? I daydream. "Hunt... E. Howard Hunt... ah, yes. Sit down, Mr... uh, Bozell? Forgive me... this last stroke seems to have... Where were we? Howie. Yes. I must tell you something of the Kapstein creative writing method. I require the tyro pen-man to copy out in long hand,

some acknowledged world masterpiece. Howie copied out—if memory serves—*Of Human Bondage*."

But until the Kapstein Connection is made, I must search the public record for clues. The dust jacket of H. H.'s first novel tells us that he became a naval ensign in May, 1941. "There followed many months of active duty at sea on a destroyer, on the North Atlantic patrol, protecting the life-line to embattled England..." That's more like it. My eyes shut: the sea. A cold foggy day. Slender, virile H. H. arrives (by kayak?) at a secret rendezvous with a British battleship. On the bridge is Admiral Sir Leslie Charteris, K.C.B.: it's Walter Pidgeon, of course. "Thank God, you got through. I never thought it possible. There's someone particularly wants to thank you." Then out of the swirling fog steps a short burly figure; the face is truculent yet somehow indomitable (no, it's not Norman Mailer). In one powerful hand he holds a thick cigar. When He speaks, the voice is the very voice of human freedom and, yes, dignity. "Ensign Hunt, seldom in the annals of our island story has this our embattled yet still mightily sceptered realm owed to but one man..."

H. H. is a daydreamer and like all great dreamers (I think particularly of Edgar Rice Burroughs) he stirs one's own inner theater into productions of the most lurid sort, serials from which dull fact must be rigorously excluded—like the Random House blurb? "In February, 1942, Howard Hunt was detached from his ship and sent to Boston." Now if the dates given on the jacket are accurate, he served as an ensign for no more than nine months. So how many of those nine months could he have spent protecting England's embattled life-line? H. H.'s naval career ends when he is "sent to Boston, to take treatment for an injury in a naval hospital." This is worthy of the Great Anti-Semanticist Nixon himself. Did H. H. slip a disk while taking a cholera shot down in the dispensary? *Who's Who* merely records: "Served with USNR, 1940-42."

I turn for information to Mr. Tad Szulc, H. H.'s principal biographer and an invaluable source of reference. According to Mr. Szulc, H. H. worked for the next two years "as a movie

correspondent in the Pacific." *Who's Who* corroborates: "Movie script writer, editor March of Time (1942-43); war corr. Life mag. 1942." Yet one wonders what movies he wrote and what stories he filed, and from where.

Limit of Darkness (Random House, 1944) was written during this period. H. H.'s second novel is concerned with a naval air squadron on Guadalcanal in the Solomons. Was H. H. actually on Guadalcanal or did he use as source book Ira Wolfert's just published *Battle for the Solomons*? Possible clue: the character of war correspondent Francis X. O'Bannon... not at first glance a surrogate for H. H. who never casts himself in his books as anything but a Wasp. O'Bannon is everything H. H. detests—a low-class papist vulgarian who is also—what else?—"unhealthily fat and his jowls were pasty." The author contrasts him most unfavorably with the gallant Wasps to whom he dedicates the novel: "The Men Who Flew from Henderson."

They are incredibly fine, these young chaps. They ought to be with names like McRae, Cordell, Forsyth, Lambert, Lewis, Griffin, Sampson, Vaughan, Scott—not a nigger, faggot, kike, or wop in the outfit. Just real guys who say real true simple things like "a guy who's fighting just to get back to the States is only half fighting..." A love scene: "Oh, Ben, if it only would stop." She put her face into the hollow of his shoulder. "No," he said... "We haven't killed enough of them yet or burned their cities or bombed them to hell the way we must. When I put away my wings I want it to be for good—not just for a few years." A key motif in the H. H. oeuvre: the enemy must be defeated once and for all so that man can live at peace with himself in a world where United Fruit and ITT know what's best not only for their stockholders but for their customers as well.

An academic critic would doubtless make something of the fact that since the only bad guy in the book is a fat, pasty Catholic newspaperman, H. H. might well be reproaching himself for not having flown with the golden gallant guys who gave so much of themselves for freedom, to get the job done. In their numinous company, H. H. may very well have felt like an overweight Catholic—and all because of that mysterious accident in the naval

hospital; in its way so like Henry James's often alluded to but never precisely by the Master named disability which turned out to have been—after years of patient literary detective work—chronic constipation. Academic critics are not always wrong.

The actual writing of *Limit of Darkness* is not at all bad; it is not at all good either. H. H. demonstrates the way a whole generation of writers ordered words upon the page in imitation of what they took to be Hemingway's technique. At best Hemingway was an artful, careful writer who took a good deal of trouble to master scenes of action—the hardest kind of writing to do, while his dialogue looks most attractive on the page. Yet unwary imitators are apt to find themselves (as in *Limit of Darkness*) slipping into aimless redundancies. Wanting to Hemingwayize the actual cadences of Wasp speech as spoken by young fliers, H. H. so stylizes their voices that one character blends with another. Although Hemingway worked with pasteboard cutouts, too, he was cunning enough to set his dolls against most stylishly rendered landscapes; he also gave them vivid things to do: the duck that got shot was always a real duck that really got shot. Finally, the Hemingway trick of repeating key nouns and proper names is simply not possible for other writers—as ten thousand novels (including some of Hemingway's own) testify.

In H. H.'s early books, which won for him a coveted (by Capote and me) Guggenheim grant, there is a certain amount of solemnity if not seriousness. The early H. H. liked to quote from high-toned writers like Pliny and Louis MacNeice as well as from that *echt* American Wasp William Cullen Bryant—whose radical politics would have shocked H. H. had he but known. But then I suspect the quotations are not from H. H.'s wide reading of world literature but from brief random inspections of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*.

H. H.'s fliers are conservative lads who don't think much of Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. They fight to get the job done. That's all. Old Glory. H. H. is plainly dotty about the Wasp aristocracy. One of the characters in *Limit of Darkness* is almost unhinged when he learns that a girl he has met went to Ethel Walker. Had H. H. not chosen a life of adventure I think he might have made a good second string to O'Hara's second string to Hemingway. H. H. has the O'Hara sense of irredeemable social inferiority which takes the place for so many Irish-American writers of original sin; he also shares O'Hara's pleasure in listing the better

world. Even on Guadalcanal we are told of a pipe tobacco from "a rather good New Zealand leaf."

By 1943 H. H. was a promising author. According to *The New York Times*, "*East of Farewell* was a fine realistic novel, without any doubt the best sea story of the war." Without any doubt it was probably the *only* sea story of the war at that point but the *Times* has a style to maintain. Now a momentous change in the daydreamer's life. With *Limit of Darkness* in the works at Random House, H. H. (according to *Who's Who*) joined the USAF (1943-1946); and rose to the rank of first lieutenant. It would seem that despite "the injury in a naval hospital" our hero was again able to fight for human dignity, this time in the skies.

But according to Mr. Szulc what H. H. really joined was not the Air Force but the Office of Strategic Services, a cloak-and-dagger outfit whose clandestine activities probably did not appreciably lengthen the war. "As a cover, he was given the rank of Air Corps Lieutenant." Mr. Szulc tells us that H. H. was sent to China to train guerrillas behind the Japanese lines. Curiously enough, I have not come across a Chinese setting in any of H. H.'s novels. Was he ever in China? One daydreams. "Lieutenant Hunt reporting for duty, General." The haggard face with the luminous strange eyes stared at him through the tangled vines. "Lieutenant Hunt?" Wingate's voice was shrill with awe. "Until today, no man has ever hacked his way through that living wall of slant-eyed Japanese flesh..."

In 1946, H. H. returned to civilian life and wrote what is probably his most self-revealing novel, *Stranger in Town* (Random House, 1947). This must have been very nearly the first of the returned war veteran novels, a genre best exemplified by Merle Miller's *That Winter*; reading it, I confess to a certain nostalgia.

Handsome, virile young Major Fleming returns to New York City, a glittering Babylon in those days before the writing appeared on Mayor Lindsay's wall. Fleming has a sense of alienation (new word in 1947). He cannot bear the callous civilian world which he contrasts unfavorably with how it was for us back there in the Pacific in our cruddy foxholes with the frigging sound of mortars overhead and our buddies dying—for what? How could any blackmarketing civilian spiv know what war was really like?

Actually, none of us knew what it was like either since, as far as my investigations have taken me, no novelist of the Second World War or returned veteran from the war

ever took part in any action. Most were clerks in headquarter companies or with *Yank* or *Stars and Stripes*; the manlier was a cook. H. H. may have observed some of the war as a correspondent and, perhaps, from behind the lines in China, but no foxhole ever held him, no wolf ever fed him, no vastation overwhelmed him in the Galleria at Naples. But the daydreamer of course is always there. And how!

The book is dedicated to two dead officers (Wasp), as well as to "The other gallant young men who did not return." Only a book reviewer whose dues were faithfully paid up to the Communist Party could keep a tear from his eye as he read that line. Then the story: it is early 1946. Major Fleming checks into the elegant Manhattan flat of his noncombatant brother who is out of town but has given him the flat and the services of a worthy black retainer who could have played De Lawd in *Green Pastures*. A quick resumé of Fleming's career follows.

Incidentally, each of H. H.'s narratives is periodically brought to a halt while he provides the reader with highly detailed capsule biographies written in *Who's Who* style. H. H. plainly enjoys composing plausible (and implausible) biographies for his characters—not to mention for himself. In *Contemporary Authors*, H. H. composed a bio. for his pseudonym Robert Dietrich, taking ten years off his age, putting himself in the infantry during Korea, awarding himself a Bronze Star and a degree from Georgetown. A quarter century later when the grandmother trampler and special councilor to the President Charles W. Colson wanted documents invented and history revised in the interest of Nixon's re-election, he turned with confidence to H. H. He knew his man—and fellow Brown alumnus.

As Fleming orders himself champagne and a luxurious meal ending with Baked Alaska (for one!), we get the bio. He has been everywhere in the war from "Jugland" (Yugoslavia?) to the Far East. He remembers good meals in Shanghai and Johnny Walker Black Label. Steak. Yet his memories are bitter. He is bitter. He is also edgy. "I can't go around for the rest of my life like somebody out of the Ministry of Fear."

Fleming is an artist. A sculptor. H. H. conforms to that immutable rule of bad fiction which requires the sensitive hero to practice the one art his creator knows nothing about. We learn that Fleming's old girl friend has married someone else. This is a recurrent theme in the early novels. Was

letter? Get cracking, thesis-writers.

The civilian world of New York, 1946, annoys Fleming ("maybe the Far East has spoiled me for America"). He is particularly enraged by demobilization. "Overseas, the nineteen-year-old milksops were bleeding for their mothers, and their mothers were bleeding for them, and the army was being demobilized, stripped of its powers. . . . He had had faith in the war until they partitioned Poland again. . . . Wherever Russia moved in, that part of the world was sealed off." Fleming has a suspicion that he is not going to like what he calls "the Atomic Age." But then, "They trained me to be a killer. . . . Now they'll have to undo it."

At a chic night club, Fleming meets the greasy Argentine husband of his old flame; he beats him up. It seems that Fleming has never been very keen about Latins. When he was a school-boy at Choate (yes, Choate), he met an Italian girl in New York. She took him home and got his cherry. But "she smelled of garlic, and the sheets weren't very clean, and after it was all over when I was down on the street again, walking home, I thought that I never wanted to see her again." Ernest would have added rain to that sentence, if not to the scene.

The themes that are to run through H. H.'s work and life are all to be found in *Stranger in Town*. The sense that blacks and Latins are not quite human (Fleming is attracted to a "Negress" but fears syphilis). The interest in pre-war jazz: Beiderbecke and Goodman. A love of fancy food, drink, decor; yet whenever the author tries to strike the elegant worldly note, drapes not curtains tend to obscure the view from his not so magic casements, looking out on tacky lands forlorn. Throughout his life's work there is a constant wistful and, finally, rather touching identification with the old American patriciate.

There is a rather less touching enthusiasm for war: "An atom bomb is just a bigger and better bomb," while "the only justification for killing in war is that evil must be destroyed." Although evil is never exactly defined, the killers for goodness ought to be left alone to kill in their own way because "if I hired a man to do a dirty job for me, I wouldn't be presumptuous enough to specify what weapons he was to use or at what hour. . . ." Toward the end of the book, H. H. strikes a minatory anti-communist note. Fleming denounces pacifists and "a new organization called the Veterans Action Council" whose "ideals had been a paraphrase of the Communist manifesto. Apparently

these veterans prefer to follow the party line which is to disarm the US while Russia arms. A few years later when Joe McCarthy got going, this was a standard line. But it was hot stuff in 1945, and had the bookchat writers of the day like Orville Prescott and Charles Poore not hewed so closely to the commie line *Stranger in Town* would have been much read. As it was, the book failed. Too avant-garde. Too patriotic.

The gullible *Who's Who* now tells us that H. H. was a "screen writer, 1947-48; attaché Am Embassy, Paris, France, 1948-49." But Mr. Szulc knows better. Apparently H. H. joined the CIA "early in 1949, and after a short period in Washington headquarters, he was sent to Paris for nearly two years. Now for a cover, he called himself a State Department reserve officer." But the chronology seems a bit off.

According to the blurb of a John Baxter novel, the author (H. H.) "worked as a screen writer until Hollywood felt the impact of TV. 'When unemployed screen writer colleagues began hanging themselves aboard their yachts,' Baxter joined the Foreign Service." I slip into reverie. I am with Leonard Spigelgass, the doyen of movie writers at MGM. "Lenny, do you remember E. Howard Hunt alias John Baxter alias Robert Dietrich alias. . . ." Lenny nods; a small smile plays across his handsome mouth. "Howie never got credit on a major picture. Used to try to peddle these foreign intrigue scripts. He was hipped on assassination, I recall. Poor Howie. Not even Universal would touch him." But I fear that like Pontius Pilate in the Anatole France story, Lenny would merely say, "E. Howard Hunt? I do not recall the name. But let me tell you about Harry Essex. . . ." If H. H. was in Hollywood then he is, as a writer, unique. Not one of his books that I have read uses Hollywood for background. This is superhuman continence considering how desperate for settings a man who writes nearly fifty books must be.

Who's Who puts H. H. in Paris at the Embassy in 1948. Mr. Szulc puts him there (and in the CIA) early 1949. Actually H. H. was working for the Economic Cooperation Administration at Paris in 1948 where he may have been a "black operator" for the CIA. With H. H. the only facts we can rely on are those of publication. *Maelstrom* appeared in 1948 and *Bimini Run* in 1949. *The Herald Tribune* thought that *Maelstrom* was a standard thriller-romance, while *Bimini Run* was dismissed as "cheap, tawdry." (It is

actually pretty good.) That was the end. H. H. had ceased to be a contender in the big literary sweepstake which currently features several young beans of that day grown mangy with time's passage but no less noisy.

In 1949, at popular request, the novelist Howard Hunt hung up the book until this year when he reappeared as E. Howard Hunt, author of *The Berlin Ending*. Simultaneous with the collapse of his career as a serious author, his attempts at movie writing came to nothing because of "the impact of TV." Too proud to become part of our Golden Age of television, H. H. joined the CIA in 1948 or 1949, a period in which his alias Robert Dietrich became an agent for the IRS in Washington.

In Paris, H. H. met Dorothy Wetzel, a pretty girl herself given to daydreaming: she claimed to be a full-blooded Cherokee Indian to the consternation of her family; she may or may not have been married to a Spanish Count before H. H. One reasonably hard fact (ritually denied) is that she was working as a secretary for the CIA in Paris when she met H. H. They were married in 1949 and had four children; their marriage appears to have been idyllically happy despite the fact that they were rather alike in temperament. A relative recalls that as a girl Dorothy always had her nose in a book—a bad sign, as we know. She also believed in the war against evil, in the dubiousness of the battle which at the end of her life last December seemed to be going against the good.

From Paris the two CIA employees moved on to Vienna where they lived a romantic life doing whatever it is that CIA agents do as they defend the free world, presumably by confounding the commies. According to *Who's Who*, H. H. was transferred to the American Embassy in Mexico City in 1950. Latin America was a natural field for H. H. (with the Guggenheim money he had gone for a year to Mexico to learn Spanish). Also, in Latin America the struggle between good and evil might yet be resolved in good's favor. Europe was old; perhaps lost. John Baxter's *A Foreign Affair* (1954) describes H. H.'s life in those days and his settling views. *A Foreign Affair* also marks the resumption of H. H.'s literary career and the beginning of what one must regard as the major phase of his art. Between 1953 and 1973, H. H. was to write under four pseudonyms over forty books.

Three years in Mexico City. Two years in Tokyo. Three years at Montevideo (as consul, according to *Who's Who*; actually he was CIA station chief). During this decade 1950-1960, H. H. created Gordon Davis who wrote

I Came to Kill (Fawcett, 1954). In 1957 H. H. gave birth to Robert Dietrich who specialized in thrillers, featuring Steve Bentley, formerly of the CID and now a tax consultant. Steve Bentley first appears in *Be My Victim* (1957). It is interesting that the Bentley stories are set in Washington, DC, a city which as far as I can judge H. H. could not have known at all well at the time. According to Mr. Szulc, H. H. was briefly at CIA headquarters in 1949; otherwise he was abroad until the 1960s. Presumably the city whose symbol was one day to be Watergate always had a symbiotic attraction for him.

From the number of books that H. H. began to turn out, one might suspect that he was not giving his full attention to the work of the CIA. Nevertheless, in 1954, H. H. found time to assist in the overthrow of the liberal government of Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala.

H. H. has now published *Give Us This Day*, his version of what really happened at the Bay of Pigs. He also tells us something about the Guatemala adventure where he had worked under a Mr. Tracy Barnes who was "suave and popular... a product of Groton, Yale, and Harvard Law. Through marriage he was connected to the Rockefeller clan..." Incidentally, both the OSS and its successor the CIA of the early cold war were manned by fun-loving American nobles. Considering H. H.'s love of the patriciate, it is not impossible that his principal motive in getting into the cloak-and-dagger game was to keep the best company. The hick from western New York who had gone not to Harvard but to Brown, who had not fought in the Second War but worked behind the lines, who had failed as a serious novelist found for himself in the CIA a marvelous sort of club where he could rub shoulders with those nobles whose *savoir-faire* enthralled him. After all, social climbing is one of the most exciting games our classless society has to offer.

But as Fitzgerald suspected, the nobles are not like those who would serve them on the heights. They are tough eggs who like a good time whether it is playing polo or murdering enemies of the state. They take nothing seriously except their pleasures and themselves. Their admirers never understand this. Commie-hunting which is simply fun for the gamesters became for their plebeian friend a holy mission. And so it is the true believer H. H. who is in the clink today while his masters are still at large, having good times. Of course they make awful messes, as Fitzgerald noted; luckily the Howies of this world are there to clean up after them.

In recruiting H. H. for the Bay of Pigs, Barnes expected to use him as "on that prior operation—Chief of Political Action... to assist Cuban exiles in overthrowing Castro." This means that H. H. had worked with Guatemalan right-wingers in order to remove Arbenz. "The nucleus of the project was already in being—a cadre of officers I had worked with against Arbenz. This time, however, all trace of US official involvement must be avoided, and so I was to be located not in the Miami area, but in Costa Rica." Later in the book we learn that "the scheduled arrival of Soviet arms in Guatemala had determined the date of our successful anti-Arbenz effort." Arms which the American government had refused to supply.

During a meeting with President Idigoras of Guatemala (who was giving aid, comfort, and a military base to the anti-Castro forces) H. H. "thought back to the period before the overthrow of Colonel Arbenz when CIA was treating with three exiled leaders: Colonel Castillo Armas, Dr. Juan Cordova Cerna, and Colonel Miguel Idigoras Fuentes. As a distinguished and respected jurist, Cordova Cerna had my personal vote as provisional president..." But H. H. was not to be a kingmaker this time. Castillo Armas was chosen by the golden gamesters, only to be "assassinated by a member of the presidential bodyguard in whose pocket was found a card from Radio Moscow..." They always carry cards—thank God! Otherwise how can you tell the bad from the good guys?

One studies the books for clues to H. H.'s character and career; daydreams are always more revelatory than night dreams. As I have noted, H. H. chose Washington, DC, as setting for the Robert Dietrich thrillers starring Steve Bentley. Although he could not have known the city well in the Fifties, he writes knowledgeably of the broken-down bars, the seedy downtown area, the life along the wharfs—but of course low life scenes are the same everywhere and I can't say that I really recognize my native city in his hard-boiled pages.

Here is Georgetown. "In early Colonial times it was a center of periwigged fashion and Federalist snobbery that lasted a hundred years. For another eighty the close-built dwellings settled and tottered apart until only Negroes would live there, eight to a room. Then for the last twenty-five years, the process reversed. The New Deal's flood of bureaucrats claimed Georgetown as its own... On the fringes huddle morose colonies of dikes and nances, the shanty towns of the poor, while some of that are ever so quaint, and sometimes

it seemed a shame that the slaves had ever left." The narrator, Steve Bentley, is a tough guy who takes pride in the fact that Washington has "per capita, more rape, more crimes of violence, more perversion, more politicians, more liquor, more good food, more bad food... than any other city in the world. A fine place if you have enterprise, durability, money, and powerful friends." It also helps to have a good lawyer.

The adventures of Steve Bentley are predictable: beautiful girl in trouble; a murder or two. There is a great deal of heavy drinking in H. H.'s novels; in fact, one can observe over the years a shift in the author's attitude from a devil-may-care-let's-get-drunk-and-have-a-good-time preppishness to an obsessive need for the juice to counteract the melancholy of middle age; the hangovers, as described, get a lot worse, too. Mr. Szulc tells us that in real life H. H. had been known to tittle and on at least one occasion showed a delighted Washington party his CIA credentials. H. H.'s taste in food moves from steak in the early books (a precious item in wartime so reminiscent of today's peacetime arrangements) to French wine and lobster. As a student of H. H. I was pleased to learn that H. H. and his fellow burglars dined on lobster the night of the Watergate break-in. I think I know who did the ordering.

It is a curious fact that despite American right-wingers' oft-declared passion for the American Constitution they seem always to dislike the people's elected representatives. One would think that an enthusiasm for the original republic would put them squarely on the side of a legislature which represents not the dreaded people but those special and usually conservative interests who pay for elections. But there is something about a congressman—any congressman—that irritates the American right-winger and H. H. is no exception.

Angel Eyes (Dell, 1961) is typical. Beautiful blonde calls on Steve Bentley. Again we get his philosophy about Washington. "A great city... All you need is money, endurance, and powerful friends." The blonde has a powerful friend. She is the doxie of "Senator Tom Quinby. Sixty-four if he was a day, from a backwoods, hillbilly state that featured razorback hogs, turkey-neck sharecroppers, and contempt for Civil Rights... A prohibitionist and a flag-waving moralizer." One suspects a bit of deceit in the course of the Steve Bentley thrillers. They are not as heavily right-wing and commie-baiting as the Howard Hunt or John Baxter or while some of the coloreds are actually OK guys in

Steve Bentley's book. All the more reason, however, to find odd the contempt for a tribune of the people whose political views (except on prohibition) must be close to H. H.'s own.

I suspect that the root of the problem is, simply, a basic loathing of democracy, even of the superficial American sort. The boobs will only send boobs to Congress unless a clever smooth operator like Representative Lansdale in *End of a Stripper* manages to buy an election in order to drive the country, wittingly or unwittingly, further along the road to collectivism. It would be much simpler in the world of Steve Bentley not to have elections of any kind.

Steve doesn't much cotton to lady publishers either. "Mrs. Jay Redpath, otherwise known as Alma Ward" (or Mrs. Philip Graham, otherwise known as Kay Meyer) makes an appearance in *Angel Eyes*, and hard as nails she is. But Steve masters the pinko spitfire. He masters everything, in fact, but Washington itself with its "muggers and heroin pushers and the white-slavers and the faggotry. . . . This town needs a purifying rain!" Amen to that, Howie.

In 1960 H. H. published three Dietrich thrillers. In 1961 H. H. published two Dietrich thrillers. In 1962 there was no Dietrich thriller. But as John Baxter H. H. published *Gift for Gomala* (Lippincott, 1962). The dates are significant. In 1961 H. H. was involved in the Bay of Pigs and so, presumably, too busy to write books. After the Bay of Pigs, he dropped Robert Dietrich and revived John Baxter, a straight if rather light novelist who deals with the not-so-high comedy of Kennedy Washington.

H. H. begins his apologia for his part in the Bay of Pigs with the statement that "No event since the communization of China in 1949 has had such a profound effect on the United States and its allies as the defeat of the US-trained Cuban invasion brigade at the Bay of Pigs in April, 1961. Out of that humiliation grew the Berlin Wall, the missile crisis, guerrilla warfare throughout Latin America and Africa, and our Dominican Republic intervention. Castro's beachhead triumph opened a bottomless Pandora's box of difficulties. . . ." This is the classic reactionary's view of the world, uncompromised by mere fact. How does one lose China if one did not possess China in the first place? And what on earth did Johnson's loony intervention in the Dominican Republic really have to do with our unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Castro?

H. H. deplores the shortness of the national memory for America's disgrace twelve years ago. He denounces the media's effort to make JFK seem a hero for having pulled back from the brink of World War III. Oddly, he remarks that "The death of Jack Ruby and worldwide controversy over William Manchester's book for a time focused public attention on events surrounding the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Once again it became fashionable to hold the city of Dallas collectively responsible for his murder. Still, and let this not be forgotten, Lee Harvey Oswald was a partisan of Fidel Castro, and an admitted Marxist who made desperate efforts to join the Red Revolution in Havana. In the end he was an activist for the Fair Play for Cuba Committee." Well, this is what H. H. and a good many like-minded people want us to believe. But is it true? Or special pleading? Or a cover story? A pattern emerges.

H. H.'s memoir is chatty. He tells how in 1926 his father traced an absconding partner to Havana and with an Army Colt .45 got back his money. "Father's intervention was direct, illegal, and effective." Years later his son's Cuban work proved to be indirect and ineffective; but at least it was every bit as illegal as Dad's. Again one comes up against the paradox of the right-wing American who swears by law and order yet never hesitates to break the law for his own benefit. Either law and order is simply a code phrase meaning get the commie-weirdo-fag-nigger-lovers or H. H.'s Nixonian concept of law and order is not due process but vigilante.

As H. H. tells us how he is brought into the Cuban adventure, the narrative reads just like one of his thrillers with the same capsule biographies, the same tight-lipped asides. "I'm a career officer. I take orders and carry them out." It appears that ex-President Figueres offered to provide the anti-Castro Cubans with a base in Costa Rica (the same Figueres sheltered Mr. Vesco). But the Costa Rican government decided not to be host to the patriots so H. H. set up his Cuban government-in-exile in Mexico City, resigning from the Foreign Service (his cover). He told everyone he had come into some money and planned to live in Mexico. Privately, he tells us, he was dedicated to getting rid of the "blood-soaked gang" in Havana by shedding more blood.

This was the spring and summer of 1960 and Kennedy and Nixon were running for president. Since Kennedy's denunciations of the commie regime ninety miles off the coast of Florida

exiled Cubans tended to be pro-Kennedy in the election. But not H. H. He must have known even then that JFK was a communist at heart because his chief support came from the pinko elements in the land. H. H. also had a certain insight into the new President's character because "JFK and I were college contemporaries" (what he means is that when Jack was at Harvard Howie was at Brown) "and I had met him at a Boston debut" (of what?) "where he was pointed out to me. . . I freely confess not having discerned in his relaxed lineaments the future naval hero, Pulitzer laureate, Senator, and President."

Meanwhile H. H. is stuck with his provisional government in Mexico and he was "disappointed. For Latin American males their caliber was about average; they displayed most Latin faults and few Latin virtues." In other words, shiftless but not musical. What can an associate member of the Wasp patriciate and would-be killer of commies do but grin and bear it and try to make a silk-purse or two of his Latin pigs' ears?

In 1960 Allen Dulles received the top team for a briefing on the proposed liberation of Cuba. H. H. was there and tells us of the plan to drop paratroopers at "Santa Clara, located almost in Cuba's geographic center" while "reinforcing troops would land by plane at Santa Clara and Trinidad. . . on the southern coast." Assuming that Castro's troops would be in the Havana area, the Brigade would "march east and west, picking up strength as they went." There would also be, simultaneously, a fifth column to "blow up bridges and cut communications." But "let me underscore that neither during this nor other meetings was it asserted that the underground or the populace was to play a decisive role in the campaign." H. H. goes on to explain that the CIA operation was to be essentially military and he admits, tacitly, that there would probably be no great uprising against Castro. This is candid but then H. H. wants no part of *any* revolution. At one point he explains to us that the American revolution was not a class revolution but a successful separation of a colony from an empire. "Class warfare, therefore, is of foreign origin."

The Kennedy administration did not inspire H. H. with confidence. Richard Goodwin, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Chester Bowles "all had a common background in Americans for Democratic Action—the ADA." In H. H.'s world to belong to ADA is tantamount to being a communist party.

True to form, the White House lefties started saying that the Castro revolution had been a good thing until betrayed by Castro. This Trotskyite variation was also played by Manolo Ray, a liberal Cuban leader H. H. found as eminently shallow and opportunistic as the White House found noble. H. H. had his hands full with the Consejo or government-to-be of Cuba.

Meanwhile, troops were being trained in Guatemala. H. H. made a visit to their secret camp and took a number of photographs of the Brigade. Proud of his snaps, he thought they should be published in order to "stimulate recruiting"; also, to show the world that members of the Consejo were getting on well with the Brigade, which they were not.

At this point in time (as opposed to fictional points out of time), aristocratic Tracy Barnes suggested that H. H. meet Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. at the White House where Camelot's historian was currently "pounding out" the White Paper on Cuba for Arthur the King. Arthur the historian "was seated at his desk typing furiously, a cigarette clinging to his half-open mouth, looking as disorderly as when we had first met in Paris a decade before." Although H. H.'s style is not elegant he seldom comes up with an entirely wrong word; it is particularly nice that in the monster-ridden cellar of his brain the word "disorderly" should have surfaced instead of "disheveled" for are not all ADA's enemies of law'n'order and so disorderly?

During this meeting, H. H. learns that Dean Rusk has vetoed the seizure from the air of Trinidad because the world would then know that the US was deeply implicated in the invasion. (The word incursion had not yet been minted by the empire's hard-working euphemists.) Then the supreme master of disorder appeared in the historian's office. Said Adlai Stevenson to aristocratic Tracy Barnes, "Everything going well, Tracy?" and Barnes gave a positive response. This exchange is important for it was later alleged that Stevenson had been kept in the dark about invasion preparations."

Later, waiting in the press secretary's office, "I sat on Pamela Turnure's desk until the getaway signal came and we could leave the White House unobserved, much like President Harding's mistress." Bull's eye, Howie! Worthy of Saint-Simon, of Harold Robbins!

D-Day. "I was not on the beachhead, but I have talked with many Cubans who were." Shades of the war novelists of a quarter century before! "Rather than at the beachhead, I

has been written before, it is enough to say that there were no cowards on the beach, aboard the assault ships or in the air." But the Bay of Pigs was a disaster for the free world and H. H. uses the word "betrayal." As the sun set on the beachhead which he never saw, "only vultures moved." Although safe in Washington, "I was sick of lying and deception, heartsick over political compromise and military defeat." Fortunately, H. H.'s sickness with lying and deception was only temporary. Ten years later Camelot would be replaced by Watergate and H. H. would at last be able to hit the beach in freedom's name.

At least two other Watergate burglars were involved with the Bay of Pigs caper. "Co-pilot [of a plane that dropped leaflets over Havana] was an ex-Marine named Frank Fiorini," who is identified in a footnote: "Later, as Frank Sturgis, a Watergate defendant." That is H. H.'s only reference to Sturgis/Fiorini. On the other hand, he tells us a good deal about Bernard "Bernie" L. Barker, "Cuban-born US citizen. First man in Cuba to volunteer after Pearl Harbor. Served as USAF Captain /Bombardier. Shot down and spent eighteen months in a German prison camp." H. H. tells us how Bernie was used by the CIA to infiltrate the Havana police so "that the CIA could have an inside view of Cuban antisubversive operations." Whatever that means. Bernie was H. H.'s assistant in Miami during the pre-invasion period. He was "eager, efficient, and completely dedicated." It was Bernie who brought Dr. José Miró Cardona into H. H.'s life. Miró is a right-wing "former president of the Cuban bar" and later head of the Cuban revolutionary council. He had also been, briefly, Castro's prime minister.

Bernie later became a real estate agent in Miami. Later still, he was to recruit two of his employees, Felipe de Diego and Eugenio P. Martinez, for duty as White House burglars. According to Barker, de Diego had conducted "a successful raid to capture Castro government documents," while Martinez made over "300 infiltrations into Castro Cuba." At the time of Watergate Martinez was still on the CIA payroll.

Give Us This Day is dedicated "To the Men of Brigade 2506." The hero of the book is a very handsome young Cuban leader named Artime. H. H. offers us a photograph of this glamorous youth with one arm circling the haunted-eyed author-conspirator. It is a touching picture. No arm, however, figuratively speaking, ever encircles the

equally handsome Augustus of the West. H. H. is particularly exercised by what he believes to have been Kennedy's tactic "to whitewash the New Frontier by heaping guilt on the CIA." H. H. is bitter at the way the media played along with this "unparalleled campaign of vilification and obloquy that must have made the Kremlin mad with joy." To H. H., the real enemy is anyone who affects "to see communism springing from poverty" rather than from the machinations of the men in the Kremlin.

"On December 29, 1962, President Kennedy reviewed the survivors of the Brigade in Miami's Orange Bowl. Watching the televised ceremony, I saw Pepe San Román give JFK the Brigade's flag" (Footnote: "Artime told me the flag was a replica, and that the Brigade feeling against Kennedy was so great that the presentation nearly did not take place") "for temporary safekeeping. In response the President said, 'I can assure you that this flag will be returned to this Brigade in a free Havana.'" H. H. adds sourly, "One wonders what time period he had in mind."

Who's Who tells us that H. H. was a consultant with the Defense Department 1960-1965. Mr. Szulc finds this period of H. H.'s saga entirely murky. Apparently H. H. became personal assistant to Allen Dulles after the Bay of Pigs. Mr. Szulc also tells us that in 1963 the American ambassador to Spain refused to accept H. H. as deputy chief of the local CIA station because of H. H.'s peculiar activities as station chief for Uruguay in 1959. After persuading President Nardone to ask Eisenhower to keep him *en poste* in Uruguay, H. H. then tried to overthrow the same President Nardone without telling the American ambassador. It was this tactless treatment of the ambassador that cost H. H. the Spanish post.

One of H. H.'s friends told Mr. Szulc, "This is when Howard really began losing touch with reality."¹ In *Give Us This Day* H. H. tells how he tried to sell Tracy Barnes on having Castro murdered. Although H. H. gives the impression that he failed to persuade the CIA to have a go at killing the Antichrist, columnist Jack Anderson has a different story to tell about the CIA. In a column for January 25, 1971, he tells us that an attempt was made to kill Castro in March, 1961, a month before the invasion. Castro was

¹ *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, June 3, 1973, p.11.

to be poisoned with a capsule in his food. Capsule to be supplied by one John Roselli—a Las Vegas mobster who was eager to overthrow Castro and re-open the mob's casinos. Also involved in the project was a former FBI agent Robert Maheu, later to be Howard Hughes's viceroy at Las Vegas.

It is known that Castro did become ill in March. In February-March, 1963, the CIA again tried to kill Castro. Anderson wonders, not illogically, if Castro might have been sufficiently piqued by these attempts on his life to want to knock off Kennedy. This was Lyndon Johnson's theory. He thought the Castroites had hired Oswald. The Scourge of Asia was also distressed to learn upon taking office that "We had been operating a damned Murder, Inc., in the Caribbean." Since it is now clear to everyone except perhaps Earl Warren that Oswald was part of a conspiracy, who were his fellow conspirators? Considering Oswald's strenuous attempts to identify himself with Castro, it is logical to assume that his associates had Cuban interests. But which Cubans? Pro-Castro or anti-Castro?

I think back on the evidence Sylvia Odio gave the FBI and the Warren Commission's investigators.² Mrs. Odio was an anti-Castro, pro-Manolo Ray Cuban exile who two months before the assassination of President Kennedy was visited in her Dallas apartment by three men. Two were Latins (Mexican, she thought, they weren't the right color for Cubans). The third, she maintained, was Oswald. They said they were members of her friend Manolo Ray's organization and one of them said that their companion Oswald thought Kennedy should have been shot after the Bay of Pigs. If Mrs. Odio is telling the truth, then whoever was about to murder Kennedy may have wanted the left-wing anti-Castro group of Manolo Ray to get the credit.³

During this period Oswald's behavior was odd but not, necessarily, as official chroniclers maintain, mad. Oswald was doing his best to become identified publicly with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee as well as setting himself up privately as a sort of Soviet spy by writing a mysterious "fact"-filled letter to the Soviet Embassy. That the Russians were genuinely mystified by his letter was proved when they turned it over to the American government after the assassination. Also, most intriguingly, Oswald visited Mexico City in September, 1963, when, according to Mr. Szulc, H. H. was acting chief of the CIA station there. Finally, Oswald's widow tells us that he took a pot-shot at the radio station of

Walker, the sort of thing a deranged commie would do. Was he then simply a deranged commie? The right-wing Cubans and their American admirers certainly want us to think so.

After the murder of the President, one of those heard from was Frank Fiorini/Sturgis, who was quoted in the Pompano Beach, Florida, *Sun-Sentinel* to the effect that Oswald had been in touch with Cuban Intelligence the previous year, as well as with pro-Castroites in Miami, Mexico City, New Orleans. A Mrs. Marjorie Brazil reported that she had heard that Oswald had been in Miami demonstrating in front of the office of the Cuban Revolutionary Council headed by our old friend Dr. Miró Cardona. A sister of one Miguel Suarez told nurse Marjorie Heimbecker who told the FBI that JFK would be killed by Castroites. The FBI seems eventually to have decided that they were dealing with a lot of wishful thinkers.

Finally, Fiorini/Sturgis denied the story in the *Sun-Sentinel*; he said that he had merely speculated with the writer on some of the gossip that was making the rounds in Miami's anti-Castro Cuban community. The gossip, however, tended to be the same: Oswald had killed Kennedy, on orders from Castro or from those of his admirers who thought that the murder

of an American president might in some way save the life of a Cuban president.

Yet the only Cuban group that would be entirely satisfied by Kennedy's death would be the right-wing enemies of Castro who held Kennedy responsible for their humiliation at the Bay of Pigs. To kill him would avenge their honor. Best of all, setting up Oswald as a pro-Castro, pro-Moscow agent, they might be able to precipitate some desperate international crisis that would serve their cause. Certainly Castro at this date had no motive for killing Kennedy, who had ordered a crack-down on clandestine Cuban raids from the United States—of the sort that Eugenio Martinez is alleged so often to have made.

I suspect that whoever planned the murder must have been astonished at the reaction of the American establishment. The most vengeful of all the Kennedys made no move to discover who really killed his brother. In this, Bobby was a true American: close ranks, pretend there was no conspiracy, do not rock the boat—particularly when both Moscow and Havana seemed close to nervous breakdowns at the thought that they might be implicated in the death of the Great Prince. The Warren Report then assured the nation that the lone killer who haunts the American psyche had struck again. The fact that Bobby Kennedy accepted the Warren Report was proof to most people (myself among them) that Oswald acted alone. It was not until several years later that I learned from a member of the family that although Bobby was head of the Department of Justice at the time, he refused to look at any of the FBI reports or even speculate on what might have happened at Dallas. Too shaken up, I was told.

Fortunately, others have tried to unravel the tangle. Most intriguing is Richard H. Popkin's theory that there were two Oswalds.⁴ One was a bad shot; did not drive a car; wanted the world to know that he was pro-Castro. This Oswald was caught by the Dallas police and murdered on television. The other Oswald was seen driving a car, firing at a rifle range, perhaps talking to Mrs. Odio; he was hired by...? I suspect we may find out one of these days.

In 1962 H. H. published *A Gift for Gomala* as John Baxter. This was an attempt to satirize the age of Camelot. Lippincott suggests that it is "must reading for followers of Reston, Alsop and Lippmann who are looking for comic relief." One would think that

²Warren Commission *Hearings*, Vols. XI: 369-381 and XXVI: 834-838; see also National Archives: Commission Document No. 1553.

³The Warren Commission and the FBI never satisfactorily identified Mrs. Odio's visitors. Just before the Report was finished the FBI reported to the Warren Commission that one Loran Eugene Hall, "a participant in numerous anti-Castro activities," had recalled visiting her with two other men, one of them, William Seymour, resembling Oswald. But after the Report appeared the FBI sent the Commission a report that Hall had retracted his story and that Mrs. Odio could not identify Hall or Seymour as the men she had seen. (See Richard H. Popkin, *The Second Oswald* [Avon, 1967], pp. 75-80.)

Hall had already been brought to the Commission's attention in June, 1964, under the names of "Lorenzo Hall, alias Lorenzo Pascillio." The FBI heard in Los Angeles that Hall and a man called Jerry Patrick Hemming had pawned a 30.06 rifle, which Hall redeemed shortly before the assassination with a check drawn on the account of the "Committee to Free Cuba." Hemming was identified in 1962 as one of the leaders of Frank Sturgis's anti-Castro brigade. (See Warren Commission Document 1179: 296-298 and Hans Tanner, *Counter Revolutionary Brigade* [London,

those magi would be beyond comic relief. The tale is clumsy: a black opportunist dresses up as a representative from a new African nation and tries to get a loan from Congress; on the verge of success, Gomala ceases to exist. Like Evelyn Waugh, H. H. thinks African republics are pretty joky affairs but he gives us no jokes.

For about a year during this period (1965-1966) H. H. was living in Spain. Whether or not he was working for the CIA is moot. We do know that he was creating a new literary persona: David St. John, whose speciality is thrusting a CIA man named Peter Ward into exotic backgrounds with a bit of diabolism thrown in.

As Gordon Davis, H. H. also wrote *Where Murder Waits*, a book similar in spirit to *Limit of Darkness*. In the early work H. H. daydreams about the brave lads who flew out of Henderson, often to death against the foe. In *Where Murder Waits* H. H.'s dream self hits the beach at the Bay of Pigs, that beach where, finally, only vultures stirred. Captured, the hero spends nine months in the prisons of the archfiend Castro. Once again: Expiation for H. H.—in dreams begins self-love.

It is curious that as H. H. moves out of the shadows and into the glare of Watergate his books are more and more open about his political obsessions. *The Coven*, by David St. John, is copyrighted 1972. In July of 1971, on the recommendation of Charles W. ("If you have them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow") Colson, H. H. was hired by the White House and became a part-time criminal at \$100 a day. Zeal for his new masters informs every page of *The Coven*. The villain is the hustling handsome rich young Senator Vane with "a big appeal to the young and disadvantaged" (i.e., comics)—just like Jack-Bobby-Teddy. The description of Mrs. Vane makes one think irresistibly (and intentionally) of Madame Onassis—not to mention Harold Robbins, Jacqueline Susann, and the horde of other writers who take such people and put them in books thinly revealed rather than disguised.

"The Vanes are legally married to each other and that's about all. Their private lives are separate. He's a terror among the chicks, and she gets her jollies from the artists, writers and beach boy types Vane gets public grants for." She also seduces her narrator. "I had seen a hundred magazine and newspaper photographs of her cutting ribbons, first-nighting, fox-hunting at Warrenton, and empathizing with palsied kids..." But, as H. H. reminds us, "only a fool thinks there's any resemblance between a public

figure's public image and reality." Fortunately the narrator is able to drive the Vane family out of public life (they are prone to taking off their clothes at orgies where the devil is invoked). H. H. believes quite rightly that the presidency must *never* go to devil-worshippers, who appeal to the young and disadvantaged.

The chronology of H. H.'s life is a tangle until 1968 when he buys Witches Island, a house at Potomac, Maryland (his wife went in for horses). On April 30, 1970, the new squire retired from the CIA under a cloud—he had failed too often. But H. H. had a pension; he also had a lively new pseudonym David St. John; his wife Dorothy had a job at the Spanish Embassy. But H. H. has always needed money so he went to work for Robert R. Mullen and Company, a PR firm with links to the Republican party and offices not only a block from the White House but across the street from the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

Mullen represented Howard Hughes in Washington. H. H. knew his way around the Hughes operation—after all, Hughes's man in Las Vegas was Robert Maheu, whose contribution to Cuban affairs, according to Jack Anderson,⁵ was to "set up the Castro assassination" plot in 1961, and whose contribution to Nixon was to funnel \$100,000 to Bebe Rebozo in 1970. But Hughes sacked Maheu late in 1970. In 1971 H. H. found a second home at the White House, assigned with G. Gordon Liddy to "the Room 16 project" where the Administration prepared its crimes.

Room 16 marks the high point of H. H.'s career; his art and arts were now perfected. Masterfully, he forged; he burgled; he conspired. The Shakespeare of the CIA had found, as it were, his Globe Theatre. Nothing was beyond him—including tragedy. According to *Newsweek*, John Dean told Senate investigators that H. H. "had a contract" from "low-level White House officials" to murder the President of Panama for not obeying with sufficient zeal the American Bureau of Narcotics directives. "Hunt, according to Dean, had his team in Mexico before the mission was aborted."⁶

As the world now knows, on the evening of June 16, 1972, H. H. gave a splendid lobster dinner to the Watergate burglars and then sent Bernie Barker and his Cubans into battle to

bug the offices of the Democratic party because H. H. had been told by G. Gordon Liddy "that Castro funds were going to the Democrats in hopes that a rapprochement with Cuba would be effected by a successful Democratic presidential candidate." H. H. has also said (*Time*, August 27, 1973) that his own break-in of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist was an attempt to find out whether Ellsberg "might be a controlled agent for the Sovs."

One daydreams: "Doctor Fielding, I have these terrible headaches. They started just after I met my control Ivan and he said, 'Well, boychick, it's been five years now since you signed on as a controlled agent. Now I guess you know that if there's one thing we Sovs hate it's a non-producer so...' Doctor Fielding, I hope you're writing all this down and not just staring out the window like last time."

Now for the shooting of George Wallace. It is not unnatural to suspect the White House burglars of having a hand in the shooting. But suspicion is not evidence and there is no evidence that H. H. was involved. Besides, a good CIA man would no doubt have preferred the poison capsule to a gunshot—slipping ole George the sort of slow but lethal dose that Castro's powerful gut rejected. In an AP story this summer,⁷ former CIA official Miles Copeland is reported to have said that "senior agency officials are convinced Senator Edward Muskie's damaging breakdown during the presidential campaign last year was caused by convicted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt or his henchman spiking his drink with a sophisticated form of LSD."

When Wallace ran for president in 1968, he got 13 percent of the vote; and Nixon nearly lost to Humphrey. In May, 1972, 17 percent favored Wallace for president in the Harris Poll. Wallace had walked off with the Michigan Democratic primary. Were he to continue his campaign for president as an independent or as a Democrat in states where he was not filed under his own party, he could have swung the election to the Democrats, or at least denied Nixon a majority and sent the election to the House.

"This entire strategy of ours," Robert Finch said in March, 1972, "depends on whether George Wallace makes a run on his own." For four years Nixon had done everything possible to keep Wallace from running; and

⁵ *Japan Times*, January 23, 1971.

⁶ *Newsweek*, June 18, 1973, p. 22.

⁷ *December 13, 1973*

⁸ *The Making of the President, 1972* (Atheneum, 1973), p. 238.

failed. "With Wallace apparently stronger in the primaries in 1972 than he had been before," Theodore White observed, "with the needle sticking at 43 percent of the vote for Nixon, the President was still vulnerable—until, of course, May 15 and the shooting. Then it was all over."⁸

Wallace was shot by the now familiar lone assassin—a demented (as usual) busboy named Arthur Bremer. Then on June 21, 1973, the headline in the *New York Post* was "Hunt Tells of Orders to Raid Bremer's Flat."

According to the story by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, H. H. told the Senate investigators that an hour after Wallace was shot, Colson ordered him to fly to Milwaukee and burglarize the flat of Arthur H. Bremer, the would-be assassin—in order to connect Bremer somehow with the commies? Characteristically, the television senators let that one slip by them. As one might expect, Colson denied ordering H. H. to Milwaukee for any purpose. Colson did say that he had talked to H. H. about the shooting. Colson also said that he had been having dinner with the President that evening. Woodward's and Bernstein's "White House source" said, "The President became deeply upset and voiced concern that the attempt on Wallace's life might have been made by someone with ties to the Republican Party or the Nixon campaign." This, Nixon intuited, might cost him the election.⁹

May 15, 1972, Arthur H. Bremer shot George Wallace, governor of Alabama, at Laurel, Maryland, and was easily identified as the gunman and taken into custody. Nearby in a rented car, the police found Bremer's diary (odd that in the post-Gutenberg age Oswald, Sirhan, and Bremer should have all committed to paper their *pensées*).

According to the diary, Bremer had tried to kill Nixon in Canada but failed to get close enough. He then decided to kill George Wallace. The absence of any logical motive is now familiar to most Americans, who are quite at home with the batty killer who acts alone in order to be on television, to be forever entwined with the golden legend of the hero he has gunned down. In a nation that worships psychopaths, the Oswald-Bremer-Sirhan-Ray figure is to the general illness what Robin Hood was to a greener, saner world.

Bremer's diary is a fascinating work—of art? From what we know of the twenty-two-year-old author he did not have a literary turn of mind (among his effects were comic books, some porno). He was a television baby,

and a dull one. Politics had no interest for him. Yet suddenly—for reasons he never gives us—he decides to kill the President and starts to keep a diary on April 4, 1972.

According to Mr. Szulc, in March, 1972, H. H. visited Dita ("call me Mother") Beard in Denver. Wearing a red wig and a voice modulator, H. H. persuaded Dita to denounce as a forgery the memo she had written linking ITT's pay-off to the Republican party with the government's subsequent dropping of the best part of its antitrust suit against the conglomerate. In May, H. H. was installing the first set of bugs at the Democratic headquarters. His movements between April 4 and May 15 might be usefully examined—not to mention those of G. Gordon Liddy, et al.

For someone who is supposed to be nearly illiterate there are startling literary references and flourishes in the Bremer diary. The second entry contains "You heard of 'One Day in the Life of Ivan Dynisovich'? Yesterday was my day." The misspelling of Denisovich is not bad at all. Considering the fact that the name is a hard one for English-speaking people to get straight, it is something of a miracle that Bremer could sound the four syllables of the name correctly in his head. Perhaps he had the book in front of him but if he had, he would not have got the one letter wrong.

The same entry produces more mysteries. "Wallace got his big votes from Republicans who didn't have any choice of candidates on their own ballot. Had only about \$1055 when I left." This is the first and only mention of politics until page 45 when he describes his square clothes and haircut as "just a disguise to get close to Nixon."

One reference to Wallace at the beginning; then another one to Nixon a dozen pages later. Also, where did the \$1,055 come from? Finally, a minor psychological point—Bremer refers to some weeds as "taller than me 5'6." I doubt if a neurotic twenty-two-year-old would want to remind himself on the page that he is only 5'6" tall. When people talk to themselves they seldom say anything so obvious. On the other hand, authors like this sort of detail.

Popular paperback fiction requires a fuck scene no later than a dozen pages into the narrative. The author of the diary gives us a good one. Bremer goes to a massage parlor in New York (he has told the diary that he is a

virgin—would he? Perhaps) where he is given an unsatisfying hand-job. The scene is nicely done and the author writes correctly and lucidly until, suddenly, a block occurs and he can't spell anything right—as if the author suddenly remembers that he is meant to be illiterate.

One of these blocks occurs toward the end of the massage scene when the girl tells Bremer that she likes to go to "wo-gees." This is too cute to be believed. Every red-blooded American boy, virgin or not, knows the word "orgy." Furthermore, Bremer has been wandering around porno bookstores on 42nd Street and the word "orgy" occurs almost as often in his favored texts as "turgid." More to the point, when an illiterate is forced to guess at the spelling of a word he will render it phonetically. I cannot imagine that the girl said anything that sounded like "wo-gee." It is as if the author had suddenly recalled the eponymous hard-hat hero of the film *Joe* (1970) where all the hippies got shot so satisfyingly and the "g" in orgy was pronounced hard. On this page, as though to emphasize Bremer's illiteracy, we get "spair" for "spare," "emphasis" for "emphasis," and "rememmber." Yet on the same page the diarist has no trouble spelling "anticipation," "response," "advances."

The author of the diary gives us a good many random little facts—seat numbers of airplanes, prices of meals. He does not like "hairy hippies." A dislike he shares with H. H. He also strikes oddly jarring literary notes. On his arrival in New York, he tells us that he forgot his guns which the captain then turned over to him, causing the diarist to remark "Irony abounds." A phrase one doubts that the actual Arthur Bremer would have used. As word and quality, irony is not part of America's demotic speech or style. Later, crossing the Great Lakes, he declares "Call me Ismal." Had he read *Moby Dick*? Unlikely. Had he seen the movie on the Late Show? Possibly. But I doubt that the phrase on the sound track would have stayed in his head.

The diary tells us how Bremer tried to kill Nixon. The spelling gets worse and worse as Bremer becomes "thruorly pissed off." Yet suddenly he writes, "This will be one of the most closely read pages since the Scrolls in those caves." A late April entry records, "Had bad pain in my left temple & just in front & about it." He is now going mad as all the lone killers do, and refers to "writting a War & Peace."

⁹*New York Post*, June 21, 1973, reprinting a *Washington Post* story.

More sinister: "saw 'Clockwork Or-

ange' and thought about getting Wallace all thru the picture—fantasing my self as the Alek on the screen.... This is a low blow at highbrow sex'n'violence books and flicks. It is also—again—avant-garde. Only recently has a debate begun in England whether or not the film *Clockwork Orange* may have caused unbalanced youths to commit crimes (clever youths now tell the Court with tears in their eyes that it was the movie that made them bash the nice old man and the Court is thrilled). The author anticipated that ploy all right—and no matter who wrote the diary we are dealing with a true author. One who writes, "Like a novelist who knows not how his book will end—I have written this journal—what a shocking surprise that my inner character shall steal the climax and destroy the author and save the anti-hero from assassination!" Only one misspelling in that purple patch. But "as I said befor, I Am A Hamlet." It is not irony that abounds so much in these pages as literature.

May 8, Bremer is reading *R.F.K. Must Die!* by Robert Blair Kaiser. Like his predecessor he wants to be noticed and then die because "suicide is a birth right." But Wallace did not die and Bremer did not die. He is now at a prison in Baltimore, awaiting a second trial. If he lives to be re-examined, one wonders if he will tell us what com-

pany he kept during the spring of 1972, and whether or not a nice man helped him to write his diary, as a document for the ages like the scrolls in those caves. (Although H. H. is a self-admitted forger of state papers I do not think that he actually had a hand in writing Bremer's diary on the ground that the journal is a brilliant if flawed job of work, and beyond H. H.'s known literary competence.)

Lack of originality has marked the current Administration's general style (as opposed to the vivid originality of its substance; witness, the first magistrate's relentless attempts to subvert the Constitution). Whatever PR has worked in the past is tried again. Goof? Then take the blame yourself—just like JFK after the Bay of Pigs. Caught with your hand in the till? Checker's time on the tube and the pulling of heart strings.

Want to assassinate a rival? Then how about the Dallas scenario? One slips into reverie. Why not set up Bremer as a crazy who wants to shoot Nixon (that will avert suspicion)? But have him fail to kill Nixon just as Oswald was said to have failed to kill his first target General Walker. In midstream have Bremer—like Oswald—shift to a different quarry. To the real quarry. Make Bremer, unlike Oswald, apolitical. Too heavy an identification

with the Democrats might backfire. Then—oh, genius!—let's help him to write a diary to get the story across. (Incidentally, the creation of phony documents and memoirs is a major industry of our secret police forces. When the one-man terror of the Southeast Asian seas Lieutenant Commander Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter was relieved of his command, the Pentagon put him to work writing the "memoirs" of a fictitious Soviet submarine commander who had defected to the Free World.)¹⁰

The White House's reaction to the Watergate burglary was the first clue that something terrible has gone wrong with us. The elaborate and disastrous cover-up was out of all proportion to what was, in effect, a small crime the Administration could have lived with. I suspect that our rulers' state of panic came from the fear that other horrors would come to light—as indeed they have. But have the horrors ceased? Is there something that our rulers know that we don't? Is it possible that during the dark night of our empire's defeat in Cuba and Asia the American story shifted from cheerful familiar farce to Jacobean tragedy—to murder, chaos? □

¹⁰ See *The Arnheiter Affair* by Neal Sheehan (Random House, 1971).

THE NEW REPUBLIC
8 December 1973

Intelligence in the Colby Era

CIA in Flux

by Stanley Karnow

When President Truman was contemplating the creation of the Central Intelligence Agency more than a quarter-century ago, Secretary of State George C. Marshall warned against the new organization on the grounds that its "powers . . . seem almost unlimited and need clarification." Since then the CIA has successfully resisted hundreds of attempts by Congress to limit and clarify its powers, and the latest such bid, this time by Senator John C. Stennis of Mississippi, promises by be equally ineffective. Stennis, whose Armed Services subcommittee is supposed to supervise the CIA, has consistently protected it against any serious investigation, control or criticism, and, consistent with that practice, his present bill is less a genuine effort to harness the agency than a diversionary tactic designed to prevent other members of Congress, notably Senator William Proxmire, from pushing through stronger measures. The CIA is likely to emerge unscathed again.

Even so, other pressures have combined to diminish the CIA's influence, and, although it continues to carry on covert and sometimes reckless activities, the agency is not quite the sinister invisible government of

years past. For one thing its reputation has suffered badly from misadventures like the Bay of Pigs and the secret war in Laos, as well as its tangential involvement in the Watergate scandals, and, as a result, it has fallen prey to the fierce bureaucratic rivalries of Washington. It has gradually become overshadowed by the Defense Department's various espionage services, which now account for about 85 percent of the estimated six or seven billion dollars spent annually by what is known in the idiom of the capital as the "intelligence community." The biggest of the Pentagon outfits is the National Security Agency, whose 25,000 employees manage satellites, fly reconnaissance aircraft, and, among other jobs, monitor open and secret foreign radio communications from some 400 clandestine bases around the world, all on a budget that runs into the billions. In contrast the CIA staff of 15,000 operates on roughly \$750-million per year, and, in many respects, it could not function without military support. Unlike the Defense Department, moreover, the CIA cannot seek funds directly from Congress, but makes its requests to the Office of Management and Budget. Therefore, while he is technically in charge of

the entire intelligence community, the agency director's theoretical predominance is restricted by his relative poverty. The extent to which the military has reached into intelligence matters was recently reflected in the assignment of two senior officers, Major General Daniel O. Graham and Major General Lew Allen, to key positions inside the CIA. Prior to his shift Graham contended in an unusual article in *Army* magazine that the Pentagon rather than the CIA ought to have the chief responsibility in the field of defense intelligence. "The time is ripe," he wrote, "for the military profession to reassert its traditional role in the function of describing military threats to national security."

More significantly, the importance of the CIA has been pared down over the years by the White House. John F. Kennedy's confidence in the agency was shaken by the Bay of Pigs disaster, and, as the *Pentagon Papers* have vividly revealed, Lyndon Johnson repeatedly ignored pessimistic CIA evaluations of the Vietnam situation that contradicted his preconceived policies. The agency's prestige has dropped even further under President Nixon, partly because his administration has tried to centralize power at the expense of the different Washington bureaucracies and also because his resident foreign policy expert, Henry Kissinger, who served as a counter-intelligence sergeant during World War II, lost patience with many of the CIA's long, elaborate and sometimes inconclusive reports. According to Patrick J. McGarvey, a former intelligence specialist whose book on the CIA was officially cleared, Kissinger ~~rejected~~ ~~an~~ ~~agency~~ ~~study~~ ~~on~~ ~~Britain~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~Common~~ ~~Market~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~words~~ ~~"Piece of Crap"~~ ~~scrawled~~ ~~across~~ ~~the~~ ~~cover~~. McGarvey also disclosed that Kissinger never requested agency analyses on Vietnam, preferring instead to have his own aides produce assessments on the basis of data supplied by the CIA and other intelligence units. This approach led not long ago to the dissolution of the Office of National Estimates, which had been established under CIA auspices to turn out independent, objective intelligence evaluations representing the collective wisdom of all government espionage services. The disappearance of the Office of National Estimates will certainly decrease the flow of paper that has been pouring out of the CIA, but it may also prompt the agency to tailor its interpretations to fit administration policies.

The decline of the CIA is reflected as well in its new director, William Egan Colby, an agency veteran who lacks the stature to stand up to such major Washington figures as Kissinger and Defense Secretary James Schlesinger. Colby was informed of his nomination for the job last spring by General Alexander Haig, the President's chief of staff, rather than by Mr. Nixon himself. A mild-mannered man of 53, some of whose subordinates call him "the bookkeeper," Colby grew up as the son of a peripatetic army officer, graduated from Princeton and originally joined the espionage

establishment during World War II, when he operated behind the German lines in France and Norway as an agent of the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor of the CIA. Friends from those days remember him as phenomenally courageous and intensely faithful to his friends, and yet, as one of them recalled recently, his first loyalty has always been to his superiors and their directives. Another friend of his submits that Colby's character has been shaped by two main experiences: his life as a clandestine operative during the Cold War and his years in Vietnam, where he first served in the early 1960s as the local agency chief and later as boss of the Phoenix program designed to destroy the Vietcong structure in South Vietnamese villages. Colby's courteous facade seems to camouflage the inner *apparatchik* whose devotion to orders can be cold-blooded. Testifying before congressional committees a couple of years ago, for example, he calmly related that his Phoenix program killed 20,587 Vietnamese between 1968 and 1971. A former military intelligence officer in Vietnam by the name of K. Barton Osborne, who challenged Colby's confirmation as CIA director during a Senate Armed Services Committee hearing this summer, called Phoenix an "indiscriminate murder program," buttressing his charge with the claim that suspects were shot or tossed out of helicopters. Although Colby tends to take the cool *c'est la guerre* view, he has at least acknowledged somewhat obliquely that Phoenix was a brutal business. In May 1970, for instance, he advised Americans involved in the program that they could be reassigned without prejudice if they found its activities "repugnant." He also conceded under interrogation by Representative Ogden Reid of New York that innocent Vietnamese may have been assassinated, tortured or jailed:

Reid: My question is: Are you certain that we know a member of the VCI [Vietcong infrastructure] from a loyal member of the South Vietnam citizenry?

Colby: No, Mr. Congressman, I am not.

One of the revelations of Watergate is that former CIA agents like E. Howard Hunt were using the same cloak-and-dagger techniques at home that they used abroad, and that the White House was prepared to employ them for precisely that purpose. To some degree the upper echelons of the agency went along with these illegal practices. Although the National Security Act that created the CIA expressly bars it from "police, subpoena, law enforcement powers or internal security functions," the agency plainly violated its charter in the summer of 1971 when General Robert E. Cushman, Jr., then its deputy director and now the marine corps commandant, provided Hunt with a wig, camera, false identity papers and a speech-alteration device in order to burglarize the psychiatrist of Daniel Ellsberg. Cushman has claimed that he was unaware of Hunt's objective, yet he also instructed agency technicians to develop film for him. In addition the CIA drew up a

"psychological profile" of Ellsberg—again breaking the law that forbids the agency from spying on American citizens. Colby has called these transgressions "deplorable" and other senior CIA officials affirm that the agency stopped short once it realized that it was going beyond bounds. These officials congratulate themselves that the agency has come out of Watergate looking "pretty clean."

But deception is an integral part of the CIA's business, and so questions about its claim to cleanliness inevitably linger. It is still unclear, for example, whether the agency illicitly spied on the US antiwar movement in 1969 and 1970. Richard Helms, the former director and now American ambassador to Iran, has denied that the CIA was engaged in such activities, yet Tom Charles Huston, the architect of the White House intelligence project, has said that Helms was "most cooperative and helpful" in the effort. At this writing Helms is en route to the US to reply to fresh allegations, raised in a *Harper's* article this month by Andrew St. George, that the CIA had infiltrated the Watergate conspirators and knew in advance of their planned break-in. One of the conspirators, Eugenio Martinez, was on a CIA retainer and reported to the agency in late 1971 and again in March 1972 that Hunt was in Miami, presumably in order to recruit operatives for the Watergate job. Colby recently disclosed in response to Senator Howard Baker that Martinez was advised to forget about Hunt, who was then "an employee of the White House undoubtedly on domestic White House business of no interest" to the agency. Martinez's lawyer said just the opposite in court. Nor did the CIA know, Colby has said, that Martinez was participating "in any secret arrangement or relationship that might have involved any domestic clandestine operations." Baker reportedly remains unconvinced. Colby's contentions strain credulity, for they suggest that the CIA, which swallows up data with the voracity of a vacuum cleaner, was neither interested in the activities of a former agent skulking among the Cuban exiles of Miami nor able to keep tabs on one of its part-time stringers. Equally difficult to believe is Colby's claim that he was merely trying to protect the CIA from adverse publicity when he sought to avoid telling Earl Silbert, the Justice Department prosecutor, that it was former White House chief of staff John Ehrlichman who had instructed General Cushman to provide Hunt with the paraphernalia to case the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. As Colby himself put it, he "danced around" with Silbert because "we were convinced at a public misunderstanding of CIA involvement in Watergate, and . . . there was a reluctance to drop somewhat inflammatory names in the kind of atmosphere that was around us at the time."

Colby asserted during his confirmation hearing this summer that he was "quite prepared to leave this job" rather than carry out orders he deems to be illegal. But

under flaccid questioning by Senator Stuart Symington, the only Armed Services Committee member present through most of the hearing, Colby carved out enough loopholes to justify a number of dubious CIA operations. Among other things he declined to pledge that "we will never give any other agency of the US government help which it might use in its responsibilities," and, he added, he could envisage situations in which "it would be appropriate" for the CIA to assist a White House official "without its coming to public notice." Colby indulged in similarly fancy footwork during secret hearings on Chile held in early October by the House subcommittee on inter-American affairs.

As Tad Szulc has revealed, Kissinger had laid down US policy toward Chile in September 1970, when he said during a background press briefing that the election of Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens would lead to a Communist regime and contaminate Argentina, Bolivia and Peru. The CIA had tried to prevent Allende's election by, among other moves, subsidizing to the tune of \$400,000 Chilean news media opposed to him. When that failed the administration became less interested in seeing Allende overthrown than in having his government collapse economically so that, as Assistant Secretary of State Jack Kubisch explained, socialism would be discredited. Testifying before the House subcommittee, Colby agreed with Kubisch and he denied with apparent sincerity that the CIA had either favored or been implicated in the coup in which Allende was ousted and died. He also denied that the agency had financed the Chilean truck strike that sparked the coup. But when Rep. Michael Harrington asked him whether the subsidiaries of US corporations in Brazil and other Latin American countries had subsidized specific anti-Allende demonstrations, Colby responded evasively with replies like, "I would rather not answer the question than give you an assurance and be wrong." He also displayed the toughness of a CIA professional when, disagreeing with Rep. Robert Steele's comment that the killings by the Chilean military had "done no one any good," he said that the slaughter had reduced the chances of civil war and thus "does them some good." Colby's testimony on Chile further indicated that he has no intention of withdrawing the CIA from covert operations overseas, but, as he put it during his confirmation hearing, he will try to keep the agency "out of the kind of exposure" that Laos and other such "larger activities got us into." Hence his outlook is consistent with that of his predecessors, and the prospect is that the CIA will continue, as it does, at present, to spend about half of its budget on clandestine work.

The catalogue of the agency's assorted assets is largely familiar by now. It has run its own radio stations, among them Radio-Free Europe, and it currently operates a feature service that distributes slanted newspaper articles to unsuspecting editors around the world. It formerly had books published by the New

York firm of Frederick A. Praeger, and it still has the influence to persuade other publishers to submit works on the CIA to its censors. One of its largest "private enterprises" is Air America, which controls subsidiaries like Southern Air Transport, Rocky Mountain Airlines and four or five others. And, through various cover organizations, it has at one time or another financed French labor leaders, Latin American journalists, Asian Buddhist monks and African politicians. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt was a CIA beneficiary in the days when the agency was searching for moderate socialists to offset the volatile Kurt Schumacher. The agency also bankrolled Pope Paul VI when, as Cardinal Montini, he headed Italy's anti-Communist Catholic youth movement.

More dramatic CIA operations have included the overthrow of Iranian Premier Mohammed Mossadegh in 1953, the ouster of leftist President Jacobo Arbenz's government in Guatemala a year later, and attempts to unseat Indonesian President Sukarno and Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. Popular accounts to the contrary, such flamboyant activities were never undertaken by the agency without the highest authority. Formerly known under other names, that authority today is the Forty Committee, so called because it was established by National Security Council Directive No. 40. Its present chairman is Kissinger, and its members are the deputy secretary of State, the deputy secretary of Defense, the head of the joint chiefs of staff and the CIA director. At one time during the Nixon administration former Attorney General John Mitchell also attended its meetings. The National Security Act of 1947, which created the CIA, is vague on the subject of covert operations. The agency's real charter for "dirty tricks," however, is contained in 10 confidential National Security Council intelligence directives.

The CIA's most ambitious "dirty trick," the abortive invasion of Castro's Cuba, was not only a failure that took the lives of 300 Cubans and four American pilots, but it marked a turning point for the agency. President Kennedy dismissed the bold Ivy League types who had commanded the CIA until then and replaced them with more cautious bureaucrats. The agency would later get into supporting a secret army in Laos of some 30,000 tribal guerrillas, and, under Colby's aegis, it would direct the Phoenix "pacification" program in Vietnam. But, in comparison to the CIA's earlier adventures, these could be justified as wartime activities. Meanwhile new technological developments were emerging that would vastly change old espionage methods and, in effect, send the classic spies into retirement.

In 1955 scientists working under CIA auspices constructed a high-altitude airplane, the U-2, that could photograph a golf ball from a height of 70,000 feet. They later invented satellites to do the same job even better. These spies in the sky performed brilliantly

during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, when they pinpointed the build-up of Soviet rocket sites in Cuba. Now controlled by the National Security Agency, electronic observers keep track of the latest Soviet weapons, and there are radio monitoring systems so acute that they can listen to a Soviet control tower speaking to a Soviet pilot. The Russians, of course, have similar equipment, and the fact that the US and the Soviet Union can watch each other closely has been legitimized in the Strategic Arms Limitation agreement, which allows for "national technical means of verification." As John Newhouse relates in his book, *Cold Dawn*, US electronic intelligence is so accurate that, during one negotiating session, a Soviet officer asked an American delegate not to disclose his knowledge of Russian military affairs to his civilian comrades. The weakness of electronic intelligence, however, lies in its inability to judge an adversary's intentions—and that is what went wrong in the recent Middle East crisis. Although it had all the data in hand, the CIA failed to forecast the Arab attack, and, as a result, it is engaged at present in examining its errors.

Sophisticated espionage had one defect: it produced huge amounts of data that required interpretation by increasing numbers of specialists. As a consequence the intelligence bureaucracy swelled to enormous proportions. In November 1971 President Nixon instructed Helms to streamline the community, curtail its cost and improve its coordination. Helms had a year in which to survey the problem, but he acted slowly, reportedly because he feared that his own CIA would be downgraded in any reorganization. Mr. Nixon's irritation at this delay was compounded by his annoyance with Helms' refusal to blame foreign regimes for backing US antiwar movements and thereby provide the White House with the rationale to clothe repressive measures in "national security" garb. So, late last year, the President peremptorily sent Helms to Iran, the site of a large CIA mission and one country in which a former agency director could be tolerated as US envoy. James Schlesinger took his place at the CIA and promptly fired about 10 percent of its employees, among them many superannuated paramilitary types. Several agency operatives who had initially detested Schlesinger grew to admire his no-nonsense style. But Schlesinger lasted only five months before the President moved him to the Defense Department. In came Colby, a figure hitherto unknown outside the intelligence apparatus. Senator Kennedy called him "the epitome of the covert man," and Senator Proxmire, noting that "we are not allowed to go back into his employment history and judge his fitness," complained that "we don't really know who Mr. Colby is." Nevertheless the Senate confirmed him on August 1 by a vote of 83 to 13, and consoled itself with the expectation that it would take up reform of the CIA later this year. But so long as the Armed Services and Appropriations subcommittees in Congress monopolize CIA

affairs, authentic reform of the agency is remote.

One of the first serious moves to supervise the CIA was initiated in 1956, when Senator Mansfield and 34 co-sponsors sought to form a joint committee on intelligence patterned after the congressional body that keeps watch on atomic energy matters. Their move was defeated, and the issue lay dormant until 1966, when Senators Fulbright and Eugene McCarthy again tried to strengthen legislative control over the CIA. That effort ended in a hollow compromise. The chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee invited the three senior members of the Foreign Relations Committee to attend CIA subcommittee sessions, which are rarely held. Still another attempt last year by Senator John Sherman Cooper to compel the CIA to provide Congress with intelligence died in the Armed Services Committee, and Senator Stennis, its chairman, made it clear that he considered regulation of the agency to be sacrosanct. "Spying is spying," he said. "You have to make up your mind that you are going to have an intelligence agency and protect it as such, and shut your eyes some and take what is coming."

Last spring Proxmire proposed that the CIA's budget for covert operations be cut by 40 percent, and he followed up that recommendation with a bill that, among its other provisions, would prevent the agency from engaging in any clandestine activities without the approval of the congressional oversight committees. Proxmire's proposal was matched at the time by

Senator Eagleton's suggestion that the war powers bill, then being debated, include an amendment prohibiting the CIA from any paramilitary operations without congressional authorization. Those potential infringements on the agency's powers apparently alarmed Stennis. He first signaled that he would back the war powers bill on condition that the Eagleton amendment be eliminated, and that tactic worked. Then, evidently aiming to head off Proxmire, he introduced a mild bill that merely reinforces the National Security Act's original injunction against CIA involvement in domestic affairs. And, announcing it with a bit of oratory, Stennis described his bill as insurance that the CIA "will never become the private tool of unscrupulous men, whatever position they may hold."

At the moment the CIA appears to be under tighter White House command than it has been at any time, and this may seem to be, at least in theory, a salutary change from its days as a free-wheeling assemblage of dangerous romantics. Yet the practical question still unresolved is whether the President in control of the agency intends to use it to bolster himself or the national security. Only Congress can guarantee that the administration employs the CIA responsibly, but effective legislation remains to be passed. Until it is the CIA is bound to remain an organization whose powers, as General Marshall warned, are both unlimited and ambiguous, and, more crucially, tempting to an ambitious Executive.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
January 1974

Taylor Branch

THE CENSORS OF BUMBLEDOM

In which the CIA bypasses the First Amendment in order to hide a bugged house cat

ARNOLD TOYNBEE, renowned as a spokesman for intelligent decency in the world, has written that the American CIA has surpassed Soviet Communism as the most powerful sinister force on earth. "Wherever there is trouble, violence, suffering, tragedy," he says, "the rest of us are now quick to suspect the CIA had a hand in it." This view has been widely accepted in the United States, but it had no political weight until the Watergate scandal introduced the manipulative techniques of the CIA into American politics. Many commentators have expressed the opinion that the Watergate intrigues have raised the possibility of the CIA's undercover, totalitarian methods coming home to our shores to destroy our democratic traditions. We were given

amateurs of CREEP had not yet learned the deft skills by which the CIA arranges the destiny of a foreign country.

The most recent evidence suggests that all this is nonsense. Victor Marchetti, who spent fourteen years as a CIA executive before resigning in 1969, describes Watergate as fairly typical of an Agency operation, exposed when the fates caused a security guard to stumble over foul-ups normal to a covert mission. The officials in charge of CREEP apparently shared the illusions that lie at the heart of the Agency—that the politics of a country can be guided by tapping the phone of a Larry O'Brien or a Spencer Oliver, or by employing someone like Donald Segretti to write fake letters and hire women to run nude in front of missile headquarters.

One bit of Watergate testimony with the ring of truth is that the Gemstone information was "essentially useless." The stupidity of the mission—from the practical, amoral viewpoint of the clandestine operative—is vintage Agency material.

Like Watergate, the CIA is dangerous not because of its diamond-hard efficiency but because of the principles it violates. The Agency is good at bribes—it pumped \$20 million into the 1964 elections in Chile—and it can supervise mercenary armies in backward countries like Laos. These things are terrible enough, but none too subtle or difficult; and Marchetti believes that the everyday operations of the Agency give the lie to the myth of its deadly professionalism. The CIA does not leave dark messages written in blood. During his entire career, Marchetti says that he never came across a single "termination mission" by or against a career CIA agent. An agent is not a daredevil but a handler of knaves—he is E. Howard Hunt directing the freedom-loving Cubans from across the street. The CIA's chief weapons are not the martini-olive bug or the cyanide dart gun; instead, agents spend most of their time with memos, and on a real action mission they are most likely to be equipped with nothing more than bribe money.

The CIA's fearsome reputation is its best protection against the ineddlesome notions of outsiders. No one dares move against Leviathan. There has never been any serious move in the media to curb the Agency, and the Congress has been so cowed by the covert operatives that it has been too scared even to set up a committee on the CIA. The old codgers on the informal "oversight" committees have professed not to want to know anything that might compromise the national security.

IN 1972, VICTOR MARCHETTI proposed to write a book that would make a mockery of the CIA myths and expose its operatives as bureaucrats with delusions, dangerous in spite of themselves, living off an undeserved reputation for derring-do. Only if the Agency were made human, he believed, could anything ever be done about Arnold Toynbee's nightmare.

Apparently this idea struck a sensitive spot somewhere in the CIA, for the Agency stole a copy of Marchetti's book outline from a New York publishing house. The agents retired to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and scoured the law for a way to keep the book from seeing the light of day. They found one. In April 1972, the U.S. government sought and obtained a permanent court order enjoining "Victor Marchetti, his agents, servants, employees and attorneys, and all other persons in active concert or participation with him" from disclosing any information, "factual, fictional or otherwise," without the prior consent of the CIA. The order was upheld by the U.S. Court of Appeals, and the Supreme Court declined to review the case. If Marchetti now speaks out from his classified mind, he faces instant imprisonment for contempt of court—no juries, not even

a show trial.

Marchetti, outspooked and outlawed in round one, vowed to go on. After signing a contract with Alfred A. Knopf for a critical, non-fiction book on the CIA, he took on a coauthor—John Marks, a thirty-year-old ex-Foreign Service officer—and drafted a 500-page manuscript. It was dutifully handed over to the Agency in August 1973, and the authors tried reasoning together with the CIA censors, hoping to avoid the Ellsberg dilemma of keeping quiet or risking jail. But the book came back from the scissors shop riddled with 339 national-security deletions, excising more than a fifth of the text.

As a new legal challenge to the censorship begins, all the parties to the case have pulled out their Sunday rhetoric. For the ACLU lawyers who represent the authors, it is the first legally sustained exercise of prior restraint on national-security grounds in the history of the United States, a pernicious (but almost unnoticed) reversal of the decision in the *New York Times* case on the Pentagon Papers. For the CIA, the principle at hand is nothing less than the government's right to conduct its business without internal subversion. If people like Marchetti are allowed to blab incontinently about matters of state, the government's executive arm will be paralyzed and Washington will degenerate into a giant ADA meeting.

The Justice Department, representing the Agency, sees the sanctity of contracts as the real issue. Marchetti—like Ellsberg, Marks, and anyone else dealing with classified material—got his job only after signing a contractual agreement not to reveal secrets, and the government successfully contended that such a contract overrides Marchetti's First Amendment rights. This is a new twist in the effort to protect official secrets, overlooked in the Ellsberg case. The Justice Department briefs are loaded with the lore of corporate trade secrets—citing precedents like *Colgate-Palmolive Co. v. Carter Products*—as if Marchetti had threatened to let loose the magic ingredient in Coca-Cola. Lying behind all the questions of CIA spying and security, this rather unorthodox contract approach to secrecy carries with it a potential for widespread application against dissenting government employees.

Less intelligence than ever

OVER ITS TWENTY-SIX-YEAR history, partly by design and partly by failure, the CIA has come to specialize in foreign manipulations rather than intelligence. Classical espionage against the Russians and the Chinese has produced one of the driest wells in spy history. According to Marchetti, the CIA has been unable to penetrate the governments of the major Cold War opponents. The warring spy camps have had to content themselves by striking public-relations blows against one another. When Kim Philby defected to the Russians in 1963, after twenty years as a double agent in Britain, the

KGB held elaborate press conferences and rushed his memoirs into print to thrill the world with Soviet spy power. The CIA said his book was phony—double agents do not keep journals of their perfidy—and most experts agree that Philby's activities did not hurt the British or help the Russians very much. Still, the CIA smarted under the publicity barrage, and it soon trotted out one Col. Oleg Penkovsky, claiming that he had been just as valuable as Philby. Former CIA director Richard Helms has said proudly that Penkovsky had helped the U.S. detect Russian missiles in Cuba in 1962. Soon, Penkovsky's carefully recorded memoirs were on the best-seller lists, and it didn't matter that many experts doubted their authenticity, suspecting that the colonel had gotten more than a little editorial assistance at Langley. Marchetti's revelations on this matter are clipped from the book, but he has written elsewhere that Penkovsky was a British agent who provided no information whatever on the installation of the missiles in Cuba—the Agency detected them from aerial photographs. Penkovsky was preoccupied with other matters, such as insisting that he wear the full colonel's uniform of whichever Western intelligence outfit was debriefing him.

Other than the Cuban missile crisis, the CIA (created out of the Pearl Harbor, if-we-had-only-known syndrome) has not anticipated a single one of the many outbreaks of war and armed confrontation in the past twenty-five years. Now the CIA has become marginal to even the detection of future missile crises, for it has given the Pentagon control of the satellites that provide the crucial security information on weapon and troop movements. What special intelligence there is in the world seems largely boring and of little consequence. In 1964 the Agency learned that the American Embassy in Moscow had been bugged from top to bottom since 1952. For twelve years at the height of the Cold War, the KGB had access to every secret message within the embassy and to the cable exchanges with Washington—with little evident advantage. The great powers are too big and cumbersome to move with much subtlety.

While the intelligence value of the CIA has been whittled down continuously—until Henry Kissinger now scorns the calculations and position papers of the analysts—the Clandestine Services branch of the Agency (modestly known as the Plans Division) has mushroomed in size and importance. Marchetti and Marks assert that fully two-thirds of the CIA's money and manpower are devoted to covert activities in the form of dirty tricks and paramilitary operations. This fact, along with the organization charts and the budget figures that support it, was originally censored from the book; but the CIA relented when Marchetti and his lawyers pointed out that Sen. William Proxmire had already ferreted out the information and put it in the *Congressional Record*.

gence functions so completely that it can now justify its existence only on the basis of the clandestine jujitsu it tries to practice on foreign governments—the bribes, the coups, the surgical removal of unfriendly political strains abroad. Such a specialty is just fine with the covert types who run the Agency, but they know that it is precisely these covert operations that have made the CIA vulnerable to public criticism as the symbol of sinister and undemocratic pre-occupations within the American government. Harry Truman, whose administration created the CIA in 1947, stated repeatedly that the Agency was intended to be the centralized intelligence branch of government, not a squad of secret D-Day operatives. Recently a whole chorus of foreign-policy heavies like Nicholas deB. Katzenbach have picked up Truman's theme and argued that the Agency should be confined to its statutory duty "to correlate and evaluate intelligence relating to the national security." They point out that the legal basis for all the James Bond stuff is extremely tenuous.

The Marchetti-Marks revelations would provide more grist for the Katzenbach position, which is anathema at Langley. Telling the CIA to stick with information-gathering is like telling the vigilantes of the Klan to put away their hoods and nooses in favor of due process of law.

To survive and prosper, the CIA must convince the public that it is employing all its professional wizardry to sniff out future Pearl Harbors. And it must keep the President thinking that in political emergencies, when men of action must discard the niceties of constitutional theory, the CIA will respond with piano-wire efficiency. Now come Marchetti and Marks to say that the Agency is out of the Pearl Harbor business, having abandoned it to the diplomats and the satellite people at the Pentagon. Moreover, they say, the CIA's covert missions are short on piano wire and long on giddy P. T. Barnum schemes fit for a Donald Segretti. The CIA would much rather be subjected to a dozen books by the usual liberal critics—attributing every suspicious automobile accident, Bolivian coup, and Republican election to the deadliness of its agents—than suffer from one inside book like Marchetti's, which exposes a clandestine circus behind the awe-inspiring curtain of secrecy.

Cats, rabbits, and snake oil

THE MATERIALS FOR RIDICULE have long been available, but writers have been so seduced by Agency folklore that they have glided over the absurd to focus on the imaginary agent with the garrote in the wings. In *The Invisible Government*, David Wise and Thomas Ross describe the Agency's incredible clandestine feat of setting up a CIA radio station, under elaborate cover, to encourage and direct the popular uprising that was to follow the Bay of Pigs operation. The agents set up shop on Great Swan Island, entirely of guano and infested with three-foot lizards.

THE MARCHETTI-MARKS MANUSCRIPT shows that the CIA has trimmed away its intel-

While the front men vainly sought to protect the unlikely cover story that the new station on the deserted guano island was an independent venture on the part of profit-minded entrepreneurs—changing around the phony corporate charter, fending off small landing parties of Honduran students who came to denounce the CIA presence and to claim the island as Honduran soil—the intrepid CIA technicians went on the air to drum up the spirit of Cuban revolt. Three days after the invasion had failed, Radio Swan was still issuing orders to nonexistent troops. Even a year after the invasion, the station—renamed “Radio Americas” under the new leadership of the “Vanguard Service Corporation”—had not given up. It exhorted freedom-loving Cubans to tie up communications by taking receivers off hooks in phone booths, and to subvert the Cuban economy by breaking enough bottles to create a beer shortage.

The Marchetti-Marks manuscript is full of anecdotes fit for the Marx brothers or Maxwell Smart—secret projects to float balloons over Communist countries, dropping forged leaflets that promote the democratic alternative; fake letters to sow confusion within the French student movement; agents scrambling for enough Benny Goodman records to satisfy the longings of an informant. Marchetti says that the most ludicrous incidents have been censored to protect the security of the twilight-zone devices invented in the CIA lab. “I’ll give you one example that they took out,” he said, “because I can’t imagine that the Agency could stand the publicity of putting me in jail for revealing it. We spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and several years to develop a bugging device that could be surgically implanted inside the body of an ordinary house pet. The idea was finally scuttled when someone realized that we couldn’t control the animal’s movements to put it within range of sensitive conversations, even if we could somehow place a wired cat or dog in the household of a target person. Many of the Agency projects are like that—pitifully silly.”

THE SECRET MYTHS SWIRLING around the Agency have enabled it to go a long way on the intricate logic of Rube Goldberg. At the height of the Cold War, the Agency faced the problem of containing Communism everywhere. To do so, reasoned the head spooks, it would be helpful if the American people believed that the menace was making headway, since this would stir public support for anti-Communist measures. To stimulate that belief, it would be helpful if the government could point to tangible evidence that the Communist party was making gains right here at home. That might be accomplished if the CIA could show that many demented citizens were reading the official newspaper of the American Communist party, which in turn could be done if the CIA subsidized *The Daily Worker* to keep it alive. By this reasoning, CIA operatives were put to work concocting several thousand phony names and addresses for new, nonexistent “subscribers” in *The Daily*

Worker. The CIA sent the taxpayers’ money to the apostles of Moscow so that the Cold War agencies of government could point to the bulging circulation of *The Daily Worker* to support their demands for bigger anti-Communist national-security budgets.

The same aura of secrecy that makes outsiders fear the Agency like death has a powerful influence on the operatives *inside* the CIA. Marchetti and Marks have written a chapter called “The Clandestine Mentality,” whose basic point is that secrecy creates a whole culture, and that the trappings of clandestine work infuse the most mundane undertaking with the significance of a spy thriller. It grips the brain. An agent who makes his calls from a phone booth, decked out in a disguise and a code name, can’t help feeling the buzz of importance—even if he is calling to check on his subscription to *The Daily Worker*. It is a private glow similar to that experienced by liberal Democrats who take precautions against the possibility that their phones might be tapped. Paranoia is the twin brother of the clandestine mentality.

The CIA is a pioneer in the organized use of secrecy, and in this role it reflects a general condition of American culture. Government secrecy is a measure of status and prestige for its officials, and its symbols—the security clearance, the locked briefcase, the top secret-sensitive discussions, the magic references to the national security—are highly coveted. They are signs of high authority, like the Freudian terminology of the psychiatrist and the computer-laden tomes of the urbanologist. These signs can be the mark of genuine and vitally needed skills—if the Agency’s secrets protect the explosive techniques of master operatives, if the multi-variable systems analysis of the urbanologist is required for genuine insights into the plight of the cities—but they can also be the smokescreen for professional shamanism. Secrecy provides not only a badge of importance, but a meal ticket. We pay for what we do not understand, because we hunger for an expert.

Anyone who has lost the faith, like Marchetti and Marks, poses an enormous threat to those who traffic in mysteries and hidden talents—like a renegade magician who shows the public where his colleagues get their rabbits. The authors have already driven the CIA farther out into the open than the Agency finds comfortable, for in seeking to censor the book the CIA is reduced to naked trust—this material must be kept within the confines of the government, they say, for reasons so secret we cannot reveal them. It is reminiscent of the old Hubert Humphrey, telling the voters that they would support the President if they only knew what he knew about Vietnam, which, unfortunately, was classified. In a pinch, secrecy becomes a mask, completing the circle of its uses. The snake oil merchant’s greatest secret was not the ingredients of his potions—anything would do—but the gullibility of the people in his audience and their need to believe that the good doctor could

sweep away their real and imagined ills.

Top secrets everyone knows

THE POLITICAL MESSAGE of the Marchetti-Marks manuscript confirms and supports the themes of several recent books critical of the CIA, but it is much more offensive to the Agency than the others—largely because of Marchetti's high position at the CIA. Although much of the material in the Marchetti-Marks book is available in newspapers and in the CIA books, the Agency censored it anyway, on the ground that Marchetti's former status would authenticate what is now only rumor. The authors estimate that about a quarter of the stricken facts are already on the public record.

There is a reference in the manuscript, right after several pages that have been decimated by CIA censors, to "the CIA's ties with foreign political leaders." The obvious inference to be drawn is that the authors had identified foreign leaders with past or present CIA connections, and several sources have identified this kind of material as the most explosive in the book—the Agency's best case for secrecy by prior restraint.

While it is impossible to evaluate this claim without knowing precisely what has been cut, one can make an educated guess after scanning the public literature on the CIA and talking with reporters, ex-agents, and others who specialize in intelligence. I have done so, and it appears likely that the Agency is close to political leaders in Jordan, Greece, Iran, Ethiopia, Taiwan, and West Germany. In general, the Agency probably has political ties wherever it has operated in the past—Laos, Vietnam, Bolivia, Guatemala—and also in the smaller countries of Latin America and Africa, where a little bribe money can be effective enough for the spooks to throw their weight around. All this seems hardly surprising or fraught with peril for the national security. And, as Marchetti tells it, Agency ties to a foreign government do not necessarily mean that we run the country. They come closer to meaning that one of our agents gets to have lunch with a foreign official occasionally, much the way an American mogul gets to bend the ear of a Senator from time to time after making a political contribution.

BUT FAIRNESS DEMANDS that we suppress boredom and consider the Agency's view. After all, the entire national-security apparatus of the United States, the Justice Department, the ACLU, a major publishing house, and the federal courts are all burning up legal pads trying to hash out whether this material should be forbidden in the name of military security. Should Victor Marchetti, by virtue of having sat in the highest councils of spy headquarters, be allowed to declare authoritatively that foreign leaders are, or have been, tainted by American intelligence? What if the minister loses his job as a result, and the CIA is cut off from its leverage and information? The subtle minds at Langley

would say that the cooperative ministers of the future will refuse to associate with the CIA for fear of later being exposed.

Marchetti replies that the book does not reveal the names of classical spies, citizens of "unfriendly" countries who slip their military secrets to a CIA agent. He says that the book will cause embarrassment, but that no exposed contacts will be rubbed out by the Soviet KGB or anyone else, and no wars will break out. The case of Amintore Fanfani supports his point. In May 1973, Seymour Hersh wrote a story in the *New York Times* about Graham Martin, now Ambassador to South Vietnam, and his efforts to get the CIA to support Fanfani's wing of the Christian Democrat party in Italy. This occurred in 1970, when Martin was Ambassador to Italy, and Fanfani, a former Italian premier, was trying to take over the government again during one of Italy's periodic crises. Fanfani, a conservative, figured that \$1 million from the CIA would go a long way toward keeping the left-wingers out of power, and he made his pitch to Martin in secret meetings.

There is a hole in the Marchetti-Marks manuscript where I assume the details of this story once were. The Agency censored it, because it reveals Fanfani's ties to the CIA; but the censors had to leave in the reference to the Hersh story, which is quite thorough. The revelations in the *Times* caused some minor repercussions in Italy but didn't make any noise in the dark passageways of international espionage. If the censored anecdotes of foreigners' ties to the CIA are as tame as this one, the government would have a tough time demonstrating a grave threat to the national security. Actually, the point of the discussion in the book manuscript is that the *Times* initially balked at running the story because the editors thought it wasn't newsworthy—a basic yawner from back in 1970, dredged up to embarrass our new envoy to Thieu's republic.

When Marchetti was enjoined from writing his book without censorship, one CIA official was quoted as giving thanks for the injunction because the revelations would have "blown us out of the water" in many places around the world. (The official was CIA director William Colby.) He could have meant this in the way the Fanfani story made future operations difficult in Italy, or he could have been focusing on a second kind of exposure in the book—Marchetti's plans to identify CIA "cover" organizations in and out of the United States. The Agency wants to avoid more troubles like the 1967 scandal that exposed the National Student Association as a CIA front. The Agency's proprietary fronts are detailed in a chapter that was mutilated in the first round of censorship. Rocky Mountain Air, of Arizona, was identified in a magazine article by Marchetti as a CIA domestic airline, but this does not appear in the book and has apparently fallen under the knife.

Agency airlines and corporate covers evoke the stale air of yesteryear, for, despite the CIA's predictions of dire rumblings in the foreign un-

derworld, the revelations of the past have had little impact beyond a brief period of media interest. But the CIA contends that all these little covert fronts make up a vital collective enterprise for clandestine use against our enemies. Agency officials have sworn that blowing more covers like NSA "would cause grave and irreparable damage to the national security," and therefore must be censored.

Done in by the Princeton men

MARCHETTI VIEWS THE CASE with just as much passion as the various lawyers and government officials, but in much earthier fashion. He sees himself as the target of a personal vendetta by the Old Boy network that has always run the agency. The upper reaches of the CIA are completely dominated by Ivy League WASPs, most of whom got started in the OSS during the war. William Colby, the current director, is fully in the tradition—an OSS operative who continued his work with the Agency, personally designing the Phoenix assassination program in Vietnam and virtually every other covert operation on his turf, Southeast Asia, rising to the top because he conducted every mission with the skillful good grace of a man who appreciates fine wine. A real Princeton man, say those who meet him.

Marchetti, on the other hand, went to Penn State and describes himself as "the cousin of bulldozer drivers." He joined the Agency in 1955 and worked his way up to the executive suites on the seventh floor of the CIA building. He was a special assistant to members of the top brass, sitting in on CIA policy meetings, a hawk on Vietnam, a general analyst of good reputation on strategic matters, a lover of things covert. As he describes it, he began to fall away from the CIA spirit when he saw first hand that the directors and assistant directors were much more interested in dreaming up clandestine operations, the cloak-and-dagger stuff, than they were in the production and analysis of intelligence. The Agency is still marked by a split between the analysts and the operatives, with thinly concealed contempt on both sides. Marchetti shared the analysts' view that the clandestine types, like E. Howard ("Eduardo") Hunt, had read too many spy novels and worn too many disguises—that they found the Agency a playground for their covert fantasies. (Any CIA operator, on the other hand, lets you know quickly that the analysts are pale-faced bookworms who "don't do anything" and might as well be in the State Department.) Marchetti half expected these traditional jealousies to be ironed out at the top, but he found that the operatives were in control, too busy hatching plots to care much about position papers. He began to "lose effectiveness," he says, when, in executive meetings, he started questioning the wisdom and purpose of clandestine schemes—which, in the CIA, is somewhat like casting doubt on the humanity of football in the heat of a pep rally.

WHATEVER THE FINAL OUTCOME in the courts, the lawyers in the Justice Department deserve some credit within the profession for staging one of the most imaginative legal comebacks in recent history. Charged by the Nixon Administration with the task of protecting the government against conspirators and tattlers, the Department assembled a truly dismal record. Scores of left-wing conspirators were brought to trial without a single conviction, and the prosecutors became successful only when the charge toward security turned inward. John Dean and Jeb Magruder have been convicted of conspiracy; John Mitchell is squirming under a mound of conspiracy evidence. Prosecutors who failed miserably against hippies and malcontents have been so lethal against their colleagues in the surrounding offices that eminences like Richard Kleindienst, Will Wilson, and Robert Mardian have fled, hoping to get out of range.

In the midst of all this came the loss in the Pentagon Papers case. The Justices ruled that it is possible for the government to obtain a restraining order against a newspaper—that the First Amendment is not an absolute guarantee of the right to publish national security information—but that the government has to meet a heavy burden of proof, showing that the information is overwhelmingly likely to harm U.S. military preparedness by threatening the loss of lives or jeopardizing vital military secrets. The Department lawyers warned of horrible calamities if the *Times* were allowed to publish more top-secret cables by the Old Boys, but the Court surveyed the ramparts of freedom after the first batch of papers had appeared in the *Times* and detected little damage. The government stumbled miserably, and the precedent looked useful to Marchetti.

Then the Department failed to convict Ellsberg of espionage, or anything else, and the cause of secrecy seemed hopeless. When the CIA lawyers brought the Marchetti problem over to the Justice Department, two flimsy weapons seemed available to shut him up. They could seek an injunction before a judge on the same grounds they had tried against the *New York Times*, but the courts had proved to be attached to the First Amendment. The second unpromising avenue was the old reliable: criminal deterrence. They could threaten to prosecute Marchetti for espionage if he persisted. They knew from their Ellsberg preparations, however, that conviction would be difficult. Marchetti might want to take his case before a jury, whose members might be too secure or too unsophisticated to perceive a grave threat to the national security. Besides, a threat is not as permanent as an injunction; and if it ever lost credibility, Marchetti would be free to publish and the government would be left with only a long shot at a post facto remedy in a criminal trial. The secrets would already be out.

Whoever hit upon the contract approach, based on Marchetti's secrecy agreement, brought about a Newtonian solution. The pros-

pects for quiet, discreet government. It was a fivefold stroke of genius.

(1) It fuzzed up First Amendment objections to prior restraint. The government sued to enjoin Marchetti from breaching his contractual obligation not to reveal classified information. Federal officials submit to other limitations on their First Amendment rights as a condition of employment, such as the Hatch Act prohibition against political activity, and this is merely another limitation—sanctified in writing.

(2) The government did not have to show that the material would do substantial damage to the national defense, because the terms of the contract refer only to classified material. Not many things clearly injure military preparedness, but everything can be classified.

(3) With these two new advantages, the government could seek prior restraint before a judge instead of conviction before a jury. The Justice Department does not like juries. Also, the hearing would take place *in camera*, a secret proceeding to discuss classified secrets, with no reporters to ask fresh questions.

(4) The contract question made the issue more complicated, confusing the press hounds and toning down publicity. The focus shifted from big sexy matters of secrecy and national defense to the question of whether Marchetti would honor his own written word.

(5) The contract injunction, if sustained, has enormous value for application in other agencies of the government where secrecy agreements are required. Already, the addition of Marks to the case puts the State Department and its mandatory oath under the secrecy blanket. Conceivably, the Justice Department could obtain an injunction against anyone, in or out of government, who has signed a secrecy oath and is suspected of leaking classified material. This would not be of much use against isolated, unanticipated leaks to the press, but it would be a potent weapon against known dissenters with a lot on their minds. Even a casual leak would be much more dangerous for those under injunction, for it would pose the risk of being jailed instantly for contempt of court.

THESE OMINOUS RAMIFICATIONS of the Marchetti precedent have sent the ACLU lawyers diving for their 1984 quotes and their best speeches on the Bill of Rights. They fear that their fortunes might be reversed from the "people's right to know" victories of the Pentagon Papers case, and they see the specter of a government whose employees have to get a note signed by an Old Boy before they can speak their mind. They know that the power to control classified information and punish national-security critics would be selectively enforced. Lyndon Johnson, Ted Sorensen, and Bill Bundy would still be able to make "appropriate usage" of state secrets in their memoirs without fear of injunction. (LBJ quoted extensively from the top-secret Pentagon Papers before they were released; but instead of being tried for espionage, like Ellsberg, he received an estimated

\$1.5 million for *The Vantage Point*.) Every spring at budget time, the Pentagon would still leak startling new intelligence and tricolor graphs showing that the collective Russian nuclear missile is longer and more explosive than ours—and the generals will get bigger budgets, not an injunction. By carefully exploiting the new legal power of the secrecy contract, the government might be able to revive the absurd, discredited classification system—using the power of judges' robes to bring back the old days, when the function of a classified leak was to serve the government and when dissent was officially approved.

Staring into this libertarian's horror, the ACLU has pulled out all the stops in seeking to reverse the Marchetti defeat. The publisher, Knopf, has joined Marchetti and Marks to bring a little more First Amendment clout to the new suit.

The plaintiffs will reargue their staunch First Amendment position—no prior restraint at all, under any circumstances. If they fail again there, which is likely, they will argue that the secrecy oaths are valid only if the secret material is *properly* classified—that is, if its release would plainly and seriously injure the military defense.

The government lawyers are confident that they won't have to get into the First Amendment morass, as they expect the district court to reaffirm its decision that the secrecy oath eliminates the civil liberties question: "In the opinion of the Court the contract takes the case out of the scope of the First Amendment; and, to the extent the First Amendment is involved, the contract constitutes a waiver of the defendant's rights thereunder." It's much simpler for the courts to look at things this way, the attorneys say, and if they can make this argument wash again, the Justice Department will leave behind a legacy of secrecy protection that President Nixon would be proud of. It would be a victory for zipper-lipped government snatched from the ashes of the Ellsberg case, achieved quietly while the public is preoccupied with Nixon's sanity and his character flaws—something that the Administration could pass on to future Presidents, who would no doubt welcome the new "secrecy" guarantee, since classified material looks much dearer from the inside.

If the government wins again, the case will abound with new ironies. Marchetti and Marks will have unwittingly helped create the legal tools to make a vassal of every government employee who enters the sacred chambers of national security. In effect, Americans might then become divided into two basic types—those sufficiently gulled by the state's alleged need for privacy to sign its contract of *omerta*, and those who refuse. The robots of the first group would run the government, protected by the courts against the public. They would tend to become more cynical about the old principles of the Republic, while the second group would lose interest in the government itself. Mesmerized by clandestine fantasies, the courts would presumably consider the First Amendment inoperative in national security cases such as

the CIA's bugged house pets. The Agency would be left free, in the name of military defense, to expand its covert missions in the global fringes of the Third World—the only places where, especially to the bombed peasants of Southeast Asia, it is clearly no joke. The CIA is drawn to the Third World like a lonely derelict to a porn

shop, where the salve for dreams is cheap and available. Instead of puncturing the myth of the CIA's awesome powers, Marchetti and Marks may ultimately find themselves and their secrecy oaths being used to reinforce the Agency's poisonous delusions. □

NEW YORK TIMES
1 December 1973

40 Newsmen Reported Serving As Secret C.I.A. Informants

The Washington Star-News

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30 — The Central Intelligence Agency has about three dozen American journalists working abroad on its payroll as undercover informants, some of them as full-time agents.

After William E. Colby, Director of Central Intelligence, ordered a review of the practice two months ago, agency officials found the names of some 40 full-time reporters, free-lance journalists and correspondents for trade publications in their files as regular undercover contacts who supplied information to agents in the field and who are regularly paid for their services.

Sources said that 25 of the group were free-lance magazine writers, part-time "stringers" for newspapers, news magazines and news services, and itinerant authors. Eight others are writers for small, limited circulation specialty publications, the sources said, and no more than five are full-time staff correspondents with general circulation news organizations who function as undercover contacts for the agency and are paid on a contractual basis.

Sources refused to identify any of the reporters involved, but it is understood that none of the five agents with full-time news organizations are regular staff correspondents of major American daily newspa-

pers with regular overseas bureaus.

The use of foreign correspondents by the C.I.A. has been suspected for years by reporters who have worked overseas. But the suspicion has never been verifiable until now. The facts were made known by an authoritative source.

The continuing extent of the practice and its wide scope, which is believed to have been scaled down since the cold war tensions of the 1950's, was apparently a surprise even to Mr. Colby, who last month ordered a significant cutback in the C.I.A. relationship with journalists connected with major news organizations.

Some Being Phased Out

No longer to remain on the agency payroll is the one category of journalist-agents whose continued existence could most seriously compromise the integrity of the American press in general and possibly cripple its ability to function overseas. This small group, the full-time staff correspondents with general circulation news organizations, is to be phased out.

It is understood that three of these agents have maintained their C.I.A. contacts without the knowledge of the news organizations involved . . . but that the agency sideline of two others is known to their civilian employers.

Mr. Colby has approved explicitly the continued maintenance of more than 30 other C.I.A. agents abroad who are not strictly newsmen but who

rely on some kind of journalistic "cover" for their intelligence operations.

'Stringers' to Continue

Among those to be maintained is by far the largest category of journalist-agents: a group consisting of about 25 operatives scattered across the globe who appear to the world as free-lance magazine writers, "stringers" for newspapers, news-magazines and news services and itinerant authors. (A stringer is a journalist, usually self-employed, who offers news dispatches on a piece-work basis to news organizations that do not have regular staff members in the stringer's city.)

Agents in this category are not regularly identified with any single publication, and most of them are full-time informants who frankly use their writing or reporting as a cover for their presence in a foreign city. Most of them are United States citizens.

Most are paid directly and regularly for services rendered, but a few of these semi-independent free-lance writers occasionally draw on C.I.A. funds to pay out-of-pocket expenses for trips in which the agency had an interest or for entertaining a useful contact.

A second group of overseas correspondents whom Mr. Colby intends to keep on the payroll consists of eight writers for small, limited-circulation specialty publications, such as certain types of trade journals or commercial newsletters. It is understood that most in this group operate as paid C.I.A. informants with the approval of

their employers.

Mr. Colby also intends to keep up the quint, informal relationship the agency has built up over the years with many reporters working at home and abroad and editors who for their part maintain regular contact with the C.I.A. officials in the routine performance of their journalistic duties. No money changes hands under these relationships.

In such a relationship, the reporter is free to use the information he gained in a news story and occasionally the C.I.A. agent might make use of what he has learned from the reporter. Very likely, the agency official would report the gist of his conversations with the reporter to his superiors, orally or in a written memo.

In this group, sources indicated, the C.I.A. includes a Star-News reporter, Jeremiah O'Leary, whose name apparently found its way into agency files as a result of contacts of this professional type during an assignment overseas for The Star-News.

Star-News editors have discussed this matter with Mr. O'Leary and other sources and have found no evidence to suggest that either he or this newspaper has been compromised.

No Times Involvement

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30—On Nov. 15, Mr. Colby, the C.I.A. director, assured The New York Times, in response to a question, that nobody connected with The Times was involved with the C.I.A.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
3 December 1973

Investigation shows CIA pays journalists

Washington

An investigation requested by Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) director William E. Colby shows that the CIA pays at least 40 overseas American journalists as undercover informants and agents, according to the Washington Star-News.

The newspaper said inquiries from congressmen prompted the two-month CIA study. It added director Colby was surprised by the extent of

the practice as revealed by the study.

Of the 40 journalists, less than 15 have formal ties with newspapers or magazines as staff correspondents, sources say. Reportedly Mr. Colby intends to discontinue their services because the integrity of the press might be compromised through CIA involvement.

The CIA will continue to use the other 25 who are part-time "stringers" or free-lancers with no formal connections to individual publications, the paper reported.

Approved For Release 2001/08/07 : CIA-RDP77-00432R000100300001-3

Reporters as Spies

When a foreign correspondent is suspected of acting as a professional spy, it does not make it any easier for him to do his newsmen's job. The suspicion tends to dry up his overseas sources. It also tends to reduce the reader's confidence in what he reports.

When newsmen take money for spying, sooner or later it will become known. When it is known that any newsmen is involved in such nefarious moonlighting, the suspicion inevitably attaches to all of them. And when the press, in a free society, is thus discredited, everybody suffers.

With these rather elementary considerations in mind, it seems to us that CIA director William Colby has done well to sever whatever ties the agency has had with a handful of staff reporters for American news organizations. He should, however, go further. The CIA, we think, should discontinue the arrangement it has with some 25 "stringer" or "freelance" correspondents whose work appears on a more or less regular basis in the American media.

No doubt the most obvious answer to the Star-News' disclosure last week about newsmen doubling as spies is that the *newsmen* should refrain from this sort of activity. No doubt they should. No responsible news organization would knowingly permit paid CIA agents to contribute to its news report—and we say this despite the sad fact that a couple of organizations did just that.

Still, as things stand, a newspaper, magazine or wire service simply has no way of knowing whether the self-

employed American journalist offering his occasional services from abroad is or is not a paid agent of our government, and neither does the public. It does not seem to be sound policy for the CIA to keep the press and public in that position. At his confirmation hearings, Colby promised the senators that he would run an "American" intelligence operation, meaning one compatible with democratic institutions. What he now proposes to keep doing in this messy business of the journalist spies is not compatible with the democratic institution of a free press.

Admittedly, a reporter's credentials offer convenient cover for spying, but others are available. If, as appears to be the case, there are trade publications which do not object to the recruiting of their overseas writers, that is their business and no concern of ours. Nor does our objection extend to informal, unpaid contacts between newsmen and CIA officials, in which information may be exchanged to mutual advantage. Reporters and editors properly maintain such contacts with all sorts of people who are in a position to know what is going on.

But Colby has correctly recognized that making spies out of staff reporters for serious news-gathering organizations is not in the public interest. That is equally true with regard to stringers and freelancers on whom these organizations depend. We hope the Director of Intelligence, upon further reflection, will agree to keep his cotton-picking hands, as they say, off all those to whom the public looks for its news.

NEWSWEEK

10 December 1973

The CIA Connection

Since the beginnings of the cold war, the relationship between the Central Intelligence Agency and American journalists has been highly sensitive. For U.S. newsmen working abroad or in Washington, the CIA is a legitimate news source—just as their own dispatches provide grist for the intelligence mill. But there has long been speculation among foreign correspondents that some members of their fraternity were getting too close to the CIA for comfort. Last week that suspicion seemed to be confirmed when The Washington Star-News reported that the CIA has some 40 U.S. journalists overseas on its payroll.

According to the paper's anonymous sources, most of the newsmen-spies are free-lancers and part-time stringers for U.S. publications. But for one of whom was named in the story—were

said to be full-time correspondents for major American news organizations. The number and nature of the agency's journalistic spooks apparently came as some surprise to CIA director William E. Colby, who had ordered a review of the practice shortly after assuming his office two months ago. Colby, the Star-News reported, intends to sever the agency's ties with the five full-time correspondents while keeping up a "quiet, informal relationship" with the others.

Cover: The timing of the disclosure led some observers to suspect that the Administration or the CIA had leaked the story to the paper as part of President Nixon's post-Watergate counterattack on the press's credibility. One high Republican source, long familiar with intelligence matters, seemed to buttress that view when he told NEWSWEEK's Evert

body's cover be blown?"

Whatever the case, the story prompted stateside news chiefs to cast uneasy looks at their overseas staffs. "An intelligent editor has to fear that something like this might be going on," allowed Washington Post executive editor Benjamin C. Bradlee. Bradlee said he would quickly fire any Post reporter found to be in the CIA's employ, a position that is echoed by most of his counterparts, including officials of The New York Times and the Associated Press. "It is absolutely not to be done," added Wall Street Journal managing editor Fred Taylor. "If we were to find out that any of our own reporters were involved, they'd be ex-reporters." Getting inside dope, of course, is the name of the game for both newsmen and spies—but as most editors say, it is not to be done. The disclosure excuses moonlighting for the CIA.

NATIONAL GUARDIAN

12 DEC 1973

*Hidden away in Texas:*CIA runs
'bomb
school'By MIKE KLARE and NANCY STEIN
Pacific News Service

Washington, D.C.

A year ago, "State of Siege," the most recent film of noted movie director Costa-Gavras, leveled a series of startling charges at the U.S. government.

At one point in the film, a Uruguayan police officer was shown receiving training in the manufacture and use of explosive devices at a secret police bomb school in the southwestern United States. Later, the same officer was linked to a right-wing Uruguayan "Death Squad" implicated in the murders (some performed with explosives) of prominent Uruguayan radicals.

For most American viewers and movie critics, these scenes appeared as mere cinematographic flourishes in a controversial film. Now State Department documents unearthed by Sen. James Abourezk (D-S.D.) show beyond a doubt that the film was merrily accurate in its picture of U.S. "counterinsurgency" programs in Latin America.

The existence of the Abourezk papers was first disclosed this year in Jack Anderson's syndicated column of Oct. 8. Pacific News has now received a full set of the papers which were used in preparing the following story.

The documents reveal that the U.S. government is, in fact, training foreign policemen in bomb-making at a remote desert camp in Texas. In response to Sen. Abourezk's inquiries, the Agency for International Development (AID) has now acknowledged that its Office of Public Safety (OPS) is providing such instruction.

At the U.S. Border Patrol Academy in Los Fresnos, Texas, foreign policemen are taught the design, manufacture and potential uses of homemade bombs and incendiary devices by CIA instructors. At least 163 policemen—mostly from the third world countries of Asia, Latin America, and Africa—have taken this "technical investigations course" since it was first offered in 1969. Sixteen or more Uruguayans have received such training.

All costs of the training, rated at \$1750 per student, are borne by AID. Students in the technical investigations course first attend a four-week preliminary session at the International Police Academy (IPA) in Washington, D.C. There they are treated to lectures on such subjects as: basic electricity ("Problems involving electricity as applied to explosives"), introduction to bombs and explosives, incendiaries ("a lecture-demonstration of incendiary devices") and assassination weapons.

After completion of the preliminary course, the "trainees" are flown to the Los Fresnos camp for four week "field sessions." All lectures at Los Fresnos are delivered at an outdoor "laboratory" presided over by CIA instructors. The action lectures deal with

such topics as: characteristics of explosives, electric priming, electric firing devices, explosive charges, homemade devices, fabrication and functioning devices and incendiaries. According to AID, these sessions include "practical exercises" with "different types of explosive devices and 'booby-traps.'" (In the film *State of Siege*, sample bombs are shown being exploded in buildings, automobiles and in a 'public plaza' filled with dummies.)

In a memorandum to Sen. Abourezk, AID official Matthew Harvey argued that the technical investigations course was set up to help foreign policemen develop "countermeasures" against terrorist attacks on banks, corporations and embassies.

In order to develop countermeasures, he claimed, the trainee must first study "home laboratory techniques" used "in the manufacture of explosives and incendiaries." Only then, according to the AID argument, will he be able "to take preventive action to protect lives and property."

Although Harvey stressed the defensive nature of the training program, he admitted that the Department of Defense found the subject matter so inherently sensitive that it refused to provide instructors for the course.

AID was thus forced to seek help from the CIA. Indeed, once a "trainee" becomes proficient in bomb techniques, there is no stopping him from using them offensively against criminal enterprises or, as in "State of Siege," against opponents of a ruling oligarchy.

Such a possibility becomes more real when one examines a list of countries represented at the Texas bomb school. Almost every country in Latin America, such conservative Middle Eastern states as Jordan and Saudi Arabia and a number of Asian nations are on the list.

Prominent entries include Chile (5), Brazil (6), Guatemala (18), the Dominican Republic (4), Bolivia (3), Uruguay (16), Thailand (10), the Philippines (5), Korea (3) and Iran (2). All have pro-American governments in which the police are actively involved in suppressing legal and extra-legal political opposition movements.

POLICE TERRORISTS

These third world policemen, particularly in Latin America, are themselves engaged in terrorist activities. Some of them are utilizing their U.S.-supplied training in vigilante assassination teams like La Mano Blanca (White Hand) and Ojo por Ojo (Eye for an Eye) in Guatemala; La Banda (The Band) in the Dominican Republic and the "Death Squads" of Brazil and Uruguay.

It is generally acknowledged that these secretive death squads are made up of "off duty" policemen and representatives of the civil and military intelligence services. ("The members of the death squad are policemen," a top Brazilian judge affirmed in 1970, "and everyone knows it.") These groups engaged in kidnapping; torture, assassination and bombing. Their victims range from petty criminals to students, academicians and political activists.

Week after week, Latin American papers announce the discovery of yet another body. Some estimates of the number of opposition figures executed by the death squads in Brazil alone exceed 1500. Frequently, the mutilated bodies of these victims are found with cards boasting of the work of the death squad—the intent being to intimidate the population and discourage the development of any opposition to the established régime.

U.S. needs to keep Latin America as a friendly political arena and an open preserve for U.S. corporate investment have led to support for the build-up of powerful and ruthless police forces throughout the continent.

American strategists in the CIA, the Pentagon and the State Department have long felt that quiet support for third world police might insure the elimination of significant threats to pro-U.S. regimes without a visible deployment of U.S. combat troops.

THE GUARDIAN, MANCHESTER
1 December 1973

Open file

Watergate to Dallas

IT NOW APPEARS unlikely that the Watergate crisis will rid us of this turbulent President. It has at least had the merit of exposing to public attention many of the foul processes and pressures which underpin American government. We have learned of the ITT connection, how \$400,000 was apparently paid for a reversal of an antitrust ruling. We have learned of the milk money, the letter from Associated Milk Producers lobbyist, Patrick Hillings, to Nixon about "setting up appropriate channels for AMP to contribute \$2 millions for your re-election" and the subsequent increase of federal milk support prices. We have learned of the Vesco connection, with the indictments of former Attorney-General Mitchell and Nixon aide, Maurice Stans.

Much is rising to the surface, like thick bubbles of dreadful gas from the depth of a dark swamp. But clearly, much still remains to be tested in the dark. There is now some evidence that the worst bubble of all is about to break. The links between the men of Watergate and the assassination of President John Kennedy in Dallas 10 years ago can no longer be ignored.

E. Howard Hunt was a CIA officer, a personal assistant to CIA boss Allen Dulles, the chief of operations for the disastrous Bay of Pigs inva-

sion and also a counsel to the Department of Defence in the first year of the Kennedy Administration.

Considerable distress was caused in the CIA after the Bay of Pigs, which Kennedy aborted, when Kennedy fired Allen Dulles and publicly declared that he wanted to "splinter the CIA in a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds."

A book has recently been published in France, by the respected journalist, Camille Gilles. It is called "400,000 Pour Abattre Kennedy à Paris," and is published by Julliard. It tells of a former French legionary and OAS operative called Jean-Luis Romero.

Impeccably documented and researched in France and South America, the book concludes that Romero is telling the truth when he claims that a CIA operative code-named Mike offered him \$400,000 to assassinate Kennedy on his visit to de Gaulle in May, 1961. From circumstantial evidence in the book, including descriptions, there seems little doubt that "Mike" was Hunt.

Among the handful of people arrested on the grassy knoll overlooking the Dallas assassination point was E. Howard Hunt. He and the others were released without charges shortly afterwards. Three witnesses told the Warren Commission that they thought the shots which killed Kennedy came from this grassy knoll.

In the course of later investigations into the assassination, the district attorney in New Orleans, Jim Garrison, swore that he had obtained a photograph taken

by the regular CIA camera-watch team outside the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City. He said the photograph showed Lee Harvey Oswald and E. Howard Hunt together, leaving the visa application office.

When campaigning in 1968 before his own assassination, Robert Kennedy sent two messengers to Garrison, promising that if re-elected, he would reopen the investigation into his brother's killing. These messages were the source of RFK's prophetic words: "There are guns between me and the White House."

E. Howard Hunt went to work in the White House in 1971, as a special consultant to Charles Colson, who maintained the White House "enemies list." Hunt was the man who faked the documents to implicate Kennedy, rather than the CIA, in the assassination of South Vietnamese President Diem. He also planned the break-in into the offices of Dan Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

At the end of 1971 he and George Liddy moved from the White House to the CREEP offices, to establish the political intelligence network of which the Watergate break-in was but one part. Hunt was the man who taped the Watergate garage doors to allow the break-in team to penetrate the building. He is now in prison.

Hunt's wife is no longer alive. On December 8 last year, she hoarded United Airlines flight 553 from Washington to Dallas, carrying \$10,000 in cash, \$40,000 in funds traceable to CREEP, and, according to some

reports, \$2 millions in travellers' cheques made out to cash. She was travelling with Michelle Clark, a CBS reporter. These two women, and the pilot of the plane, were found to have abnormal and lethal amounts of cyanide in their bodies during the investigation of the mysterious crash.

All 45 people on flight UA-553 were killed. Both flight recorders, which might have explained the crash, malfunctioned. The backs of the plane's two altimeters had been punctured to give unreliable height readings. At Chicago's Midway Airport, the glide control electronic landing system was unaccountably turned off just before the plane attempted its fatal landing.

Readers who choose to delve further into these mysteries might turn to Camille Gilles's book, to Philip West's "Watergate," published today by ANS, of 20 Lealand Road, London N15, for 15p. Mark Stone's regular demolitions of the Warren Report are also invaluable.

From Dallas to Watergate, a decade of rude awakenings from the American dream. It is already clear that America's faith in herself will not be restored until the full truth is finally known about Watergate. For those of us who have never believed that Lee Harvey Oswald was the sole killer of John Kennedy, the full truth of that dreadful day in Dallas must also one day emerge. There are now indications that the two investigations converge.

MARTIN WALKER

U.S. Tapped Top Russians' Car Phones

By Laurence Stern
Washington Post Staff Writer

The U.S. government systematically monitored the limousine radios of top Soviet officials in Moscow for several years ending in 1971, according to former intelligence sources familiar with the operation.

The project, code-named Gamma Gupy, was terminated in late 1971 after some details of its operation were disclosed by columnist Jack Anderson.

A former intelligence official who had access to the transcripts of the monitored conversations in Moscow described the system as one of the most valuable intelligence pipelines the United States had in the Soviet Union.

Among the Soviet officials who were tapped by the Gamma Gupy system were Soviet Party General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, President Nikolai Podgorny and Premier Alexei Kosygin.

The top-secret operation was conducted by the Central Intelligence Agency in collaboration with the National Security Agency — the government's chief gatherer of intelligence by electronic means.

A former intelligence official who monitored the Gamma Gupy interception traffic said that the conversations revealed few major strategic secrets but "gave us extremely valuable information on the personalities and health of top Soviet leaders. But we didn't find out

much about their inner lives or their health and maybe Podgorny's sex life."

The CIA had built a facility a few miles from its Langley, Va., headquarters, where incoming traffic from the super-secret Moscow tap was monitored, according to knowledgeable sources.

Anderson's column, which appeared on Sept. 16, 1971, did not specify the means by which the conversations of top Kremlin officials was transmitted to Washington.

Intelligence sources here said the Soviet limousine telephone traffic was susceptible to interception because the phones were not sufficiently "scrambled"—a technique for making spoken words snoop-proof.

(The name of the telephone tap operation is reportedly an NSA code classification indicating the priority and secrecy of the mission.)

Anderson said yesterday that after his column appeared he was invited to lunch with then CIA Director Richard M. Helms and asked by Helms not to divulge the means by which the interception was made. Helms also requested, Anderson said, that the project not be referred to again.

The columnist said his original source on the Soviet tap told him the Russians had already realized their phone traffic was being monitored. Otherwise, he insisted, he

would not have written the column. Anderson said he agreed not to mention details of the system and specifically promised Helms not to allude to the operation in his book, *The Anderson Papers*.

A CIA spokesman said yesterday the CIA had no comment on any aspect of the matter.

There was only one other published reference to the Moscow taps—a passing allusion in *The Wall Street Journal* of May 8, 1973 to the fact that "the CIA was busily monitoring the radiotelephones in Mr. Brezhnev's limousine as he sped around Moscow and out to the country for weekends."

A former intelligence official who had access to the Gamma Gupy traffic characterized the original 1971 leak as "completely gratuitous—it served no purpose and blew our best intelligence source in the Soviet Union."

There has been widespread conjecture that the White House Special Investigations Unit, known as the Plumbers, was investigating a news leak in the fall of 1971 that compromised an important intelligence source in the Soviet Union.

White House special counsel J. Fred Buzhardt had been seeking to discourage the indictment of John D. Ehrlichman, Charles W. Colson and

Egil (Bud) Krogh, all former presidential aides, on grounds that the prosecution of their cases would jeopardize national security.

Ehrlichman, testifying last June in his California trial, said the responsibilities assigned the Plumbers included the Pentagon Papers, the SALT talk leak "and . . . the third one which had to do with the disclosure of a CIA source in a foreign country—and then the fourth one, which I am not at liberty to discuss."

The nature of the third and fourth news leaks has never been officially identified.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

THE WASHINGTON POST

Monday, Dec. 10, 1973

How the CIA Snooped Inside Russia

By Jack Anderson

We have been accused of compromising an intelligence operation, perhaps even jeopardizing the life of an agent, inside the Soviet Union.

Let us set the record straight.

More than two years ago, we were tipped off that the Central Intelligence Agency had managed to eavesdrop on the private conversations of Kremlin leaders. Some of the transcripts, we were told, were quite titillating.

We checked out the story with a CIA source who had access to the transcripts. He confirmed that the CIA was intercepting the telephone traffic between the limousines of Soviet bigwigs.

Unfortunately, he said, they didn't hold strategy sessions in their limousines. The CIA picked up small talk, however, which provided an insight into the personalities of the likes of party chief Leonid Brezhnev, Premier Alexei Kosygin and President Nikolai Podgorny.

The transcripts revealed that the Soviet leaders gossip about one another and complain

about their ailments. Their favorite limousine stop was a private clinic where they could get steam baths, rubdowns and other physical therapy.

Brezhnev, who sometimes drinks too much vodka and suffers from hangovers, told Podgorny in a typical conversation that he was suffering from the woes and would stop off at the clinic for a massage. He mentioned a masseuse named Olga.

"Olga! Oh ho!" chortled the Soviet President, who apparently was familiar with Olga.

Our source said the transcripts showed that the Kremlin chiefs were aware the CIA was listening to them. Anything they already knew, he agreed, should be safe for the American people to be told.

Therefore, it should do no harm to write about the eavesdropping operation, said our source. He cautioned, however, that the monitored conversations didn't make clear whether the Soviet leaders had figured out how we did it.

We published a careful story on Sept. 18, 1971, about the eavesdropping. "For obvious security reasons," we wrote, "we

can't give a clue as to how it's done. But we can state categorically that for years the CIA has been able to listen to the kingpins of the Kremlin banter, bicker and backbite among themselves."

The following December, we quoted from secret White House minutes to show that President Nixon had lied to Congress and the public about the India-Pakistan conflict.

This brought the President's gumshoes down on our necks with a vengeance. No newsmen in Nixondom have ever received a more thorough going-over. The undercover work was done by the plumbers, the bizarre para-police unit whose operatives ran around in CIA wigs and committed foolish crimes.

The bewigged ones, among other things, began checking into our account of the Kremlin bugging. This aroused Richard Helms, then the CIA chief, who invited me to lunch on March 17, 1972.

He asked me not to mention the eavesdropping operation in my book, *"The Anderson Papers."* He acknowledged that

the Kremlin leaders knew their conversations had been monitored. But he pleaded with me to keep quiet and urged me particularly never to mention how the conversations were intercepted.

Accordingly, I omitted the references from my book and left it to others to reveal the secret monitoring method. Not until today, after the limousine-listening operation had been widely publicized elsewhere, have we mentioned how it was done.

Nevertheless, the White House has seized upon this affair to justify the President's claim of national security in the plumbers' case.

This is strictly a red herring, which President Nixon hopes will distract the Watergate bloodhounds. The truth is that (1) the monitored Kremlin chit-chat was never an important intelligence source; (2) our Sept. 16, 1971, story revealed nothing the Kremlin leaders didn't already know; and (3) the President's claim of national security simply won't wash.

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DAILY WORLD

27 NOV 1973

Hand of CIA seen in the Greek coup

Daily World Combined Services

The coup that toppled Greek President George Papadopoulos, Sunday was staged by elements with close working ties to the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

The leader of the coup is said to be Brig. Gen. Dimitrios Ioannides, who heads the Greek military police and intelligence and is opposed to even a facade of democracy.

Front man for Ioannides is Lt. Gen. Phaedon Gyzikis, who was given the title of "President of Greece."

Gen. Gyzikis was born in Arta in northwest Greece, which is also Gen Ioannides' home town. At the end of 1967, he was named military commander of Athens, in charge of enforcing the martial law declared by the junta. One of his major jobs was to act as government prosecutor against the junta's political prisoners.

Papadopoulos is being held under close house arrest, with 12 Armored Personnel Carriers (APCs) surrounding his residence.

The new regime charged him

with "trying to fool the Greek people" by promising them elections.

New premier's ties

Andreas Papandreou, leader of the anti-junta Pan-Greek Liberation Movement, charged in Stockholm on Sunday that the new military coup was planned and carried out by the CIA. He said the new Premier named by Ioannides and Gyzikis, Adandios Androutsopoulos, who studied and taught economics at the University of Chicago, was paid by the CIA.

U.S. officials in Washington admitted that the Nixon administration had "considerable forewarning" of the Ioannides coup. "We were not surprised," one official said.

The original military coup of April 21, 1967, is generally believed also to have been the work of the CIA, but in the past six and a half years, the Greek junta became more and more isolated internationally, while resistance mounted within the country.

Naval mutiny

Papadopoulos, the army colonel who led the 1967 coup, was confronted last May with a mutiny in the Navy, which apparently was viewed with favor by many officers in the Greek Air Force. Drastic measures put down the mutiny.

On June 1, Papadopoulos abolished the Greek monarchy and declared himself President of the new Greek Republic. This was aimed at breaking up monarchist influence among the Greek officer corps but also was a concession to Greek public feeling.

Moving further in the same direction, Papadopoulos on Aug. 20 abolished martial law and announced an amnesty for political prisoners, but none of this applied to Communists.

On Oct. 7, Papadopoulos formally abolished the junta and dismissed the military cabinet, appointing an all-civilian cabinet headed by Premier Spyros Markezinis.

The new Markezinis cabinet was ordered to make preparations for parliamentary elections in 1974, which would have been the first such elections in a decade.

The complaints of the ousted military leaders were loud and bitter, and were uttered where Western newsmen would be sure to pick them up.

Cold to U.S. presence

Few people thought Papadopoulos was doing anything more than creating a "democratic" facade to stay in power. However, Premier Markezinis was shown to be against the U.S. presence in Greece, specifically against the decision to let the U.S. Sixth Fleet use Athens as a "home port."

During the recent Mideast war, Greece refused to let the U.S. use Greek ports and airfields for its airlift to Israel.

Last week, when workers and students tore through the Papadopoulos facade and demanded real democracy, martial law was reimposed and tanks were used to crush the uprising. It may well have been at this point that a decision was made to replace the wavering Papadopoulos with a "strong" regime headed by "gorillas."

WASHINGTON POST
6 December 1973

\$1.5 Billion Secret in Sky

U.S. Spy Unit Surfaces by Accident

By Laurence Stern
Washington Post Staff Writer

In the arcane and heavily classified world of "overhead" reconnaissance and spy satellite intelligence, the existence of the National Reconnaissance Office has been one of the best kept trade top secrets.

The name of the organization, in fact, is top secret, and, according to intelligence officials, has appeared in public print only once before—by inadvertence.

Yet the NRO, which is funded primarily through Air Force appropriations, spends an estimated \$1.5 billion a year acquiring and managing the most sophisticated, elusive and expensive force of spies that has ever been recruited into the government's service.

Its customers include the Central Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency and the White House. Its operatives bear such names as SR-71, Samos, Agena, and "the Big Bird." Its activities are screened off from all but a relative handful of specialists in the national security bureaucracy who carry some of the highest and most specialized clearances issued by the government.

Curiously enough, the only reference to NRO that has been made in a public government document was last Oct. 12 in a report of the Special Senate Committee to Study Questions Related to Secret and Confidential Government Documents. The drafters of the report unwittingly breached security by listing, along with CIA, DIA and NSA on the concluding page, the National Reconnaissance Office.

And, more obliquely, Sen. William Proxmire (D-Wis.) alluded to the NRO's mission in a recent statement challenging the appointment of Lockheed Aircraft Corp. reconnaissance satellite expert James W. Plummer as under secretary of the Air Force.

In questioning Plummer's nomination on conflict-of-interest grounds, Proxmire made a pointed observation:

"Normally, the under secretary of the Air Force has jurisdiction over certain intelligence matters and sits on a special committee that directs manned and unmanned overhead reconnaissance, including spy satellite programs. These critical projects have run into the billions of dollars—money that flows to defense contractors such as Lockheed."

Plummer has been with Lockheed since 1955. The California-based firm is the principal corporate contractor in the so-called "black" reconnaissance satellite programs carried out by NRO.

From the "skunk works," as specialists describe the facility, of Lockheed spy plane developer Kelley Johnson in Nevada also emerged the U-2 and SR-71. "The U-2 was perhaps the only government spy project to have a cost under-

run and to exceed the promised performance standards," said one expert on the program. Lockheed was also the prime contractor on the C-5A, which was plagued by \$2 billion in combined cost overruns.

In addition to the conflict-of-interest issue in Plummer's appointment, congressional investigators are looking into the possibilities of overruns in the supersecret reconnaissance satellite programs under NRO's jurisdiction.

"I've never heard of one of these programs that didn't have enormous cost overruns," said one Defense Department official who has worked first-hand with some of the spy satellite operations. The opportunities for breaking cost and performance commitments are greater in spy satellite programs, this official said, because of the atmosphere of secrecy and narrow channels of accountability in which they operate.

NRO's existence is shielded from senior congressional intelligence overseers. Former high-ranking staff members of the National Security Council, who were cleared for some of the most sensitive intelligence material to reach the President's desk, acknowledged in interviews that they had not been informed about it.

"This is a black program and you're not supposed to know it exists," said one Pentagon administrator. For the past several years its supervision has nominally been in the hands of the under secretary of the Air Force. Operations and procurement have been handled through the office of the Secretary of the Air Force, according to Defense Department sources.

Its intelligence products labeled ELINT (for electronic intelligence) and COMINT (for communications intelligence) are parceled out under special code names to the government "consumers"—such as CIA or NSA. The users may get the product of the secret reconnaissance, such as monitoring of Chinese nuclear tests, or radio transmissions in the Soviet Union, without being told of the collection techniques. This is known as "compartmentalizing" of intelligence data.

Since the inception of the U. S. reconnaissance satellite program in the mid-1950s to 1970 some \$10 to \$12 billion had been spent on the spy birds, according to an estimate by aviation and space writer Philip J. Klass in his book, "Secret Sentries in Space." Since then the outlay may have grown by about \$5 billion.

Overhead reconnaissance has proven of enormous value in providing more realistic assessments of such things as Soviet ballistic missile capability, both offensive and defensive. It helped, in fact, to defuse public anxieties over the missile gap in the early 1960s. The most publicized use of the program was to support President Kennedy's contention that the Soviet Union was installing offensive missiles in Cuba.

But congressional investigators in yet unpublicized inquiries are raising questions about relationships between corporate contractors and the super-secret programs being carried out under the aegis of NRO and other military intelligence agencies.

Proxmire's concern about the Plummer appointment is one example of this. Air Force Secretary John L. McLucas came to the government from the Air Force think tank, MITRE. Assistant Air Force Secretary for procurement Frank Schrantz comes from Boeing.

"There has been a tendency, stronger than ever in recent months, to put executives of contractor agencies in these key positions," said one veteran Defense Department official. "Not that there is anything personally wrong with these men. But all their attitudes have been shaped by their experience working for contractors."

The late Allen Ellender (D-La.), former chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, was one of the few members of Congress privy to some of government's best-kept intelligence secrets, and rhubarbs.

"If you knew how much money we spend and how much money we waste in this area," Ellender said in a 1971 interview, "it would knock you off your chair. It's criminal."

Whatever that amount might be will probably never appear in the public

WALL STREET JOURNAL

5 DEC 1973

CIA Apparently Drops Effort to Sell Airline Under CAB Authority

End of 13 Years' Secret Holding Likely After Decertification Of Southern Air Transport

By a WALL STREET JOURNAL Staff Reporter

WASHINGTON — The Central Intelligence Agency apparently has given up its effort to sell under Civil Aeronautics Board authority a certificated U.S. charter airline it is understood to have secretly owned for the past 13 years. Instead, according to sources close to the case, the CIA probably will complete the proposed sale after the carrier is removed from CAB jurisdiction.

This development came to light as the carrier, Miami-based Southern Air Transport, and its president, Stanley G. Williams, formally asked the CAB to allow them to withdraw their joint application for purchase of Southern by Mr. Williams. Although the CAB held secret hearings on the control case last June, it was reported last August that sufficient evidence existed on the public record to indicate the CIA was the true seller of the airline.

In a separate filing, Southern also petitioned the CAB for cancellation of all its certificates granted by the board and termination of all its CAB exemption authority to provide services that aren't covered by general operating certificates. Southern said it would phase out all its operations conducted under CAB authority by Dec. 31 if the request is granted.

Contract Status Sought

Southern said it would then continue to operate as a "large commercial" air service on a noncertificated basis. In this status, it could provide passenger and cargo transportation under bona fide individual contracts but no longer would be able to furnish flights as a common carrier serving the public under published tariffs.

That status would also enable a transfer of control without CAB involvement. "You can be sure that this means Southern's going to buy back its airline one way or another," said one source close to the airline.

Executive Sessions Planned

A number of competing supplemental, or charter, airlines and several major trunk carriers had challenged the legality of the proposed sale and raised questions about the CIA role in Southern. They contended that control of Southern by the CIA if true, was illegal because of prohibitions against government ownership of U.S. airlines; that awards to Southern of operating certificates while it was under CIA control were illegal and that sale of the airline by the government was illegal.

Despite requirements that the CAB conduct public hearings on control cases involving air-

lines it regulates, CAB Administrative Law Judge Milton Shapiro granted requests from attorneys representing Southern and, allegedly, the CIA that the hearings on the application be held in executive session with all participants sworn to secrecy.

An inquiry on whether transcripts of the hearing will be released, if Southern's withdrawal motion is granted, was referred by a CAB spokesman to Mr. Shapiro, who couldn't be reached immediately.

Southern's actions will permit the CAB "to get off the hook in a ticklish situation," one source said yesterday. Mr. Shapiro hadn't yet issued a recommended decision on the control application, which was filed last March. The usual time span within which such a decision would have been issued has passed, the source commented. The law judge's decision would have been subject to review by the full board.

NEW YORK TIMES

30 November 1973

SECRECY BACKED IN PLUMBER CASE

White House Said to View Disclosure as Threat to an Agent Inside Soviet

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29 (AP) — The White House has told Federal investigators that the life of a foreign intelligence agent inside the Soviet Union would be endangered if a still-secret "plumbers" operation were disclosed, informed sources said today.

The sources said that the plumbers, a White House intelligence unit that was responsible for the burglary of the office of Dr. Daniel Ellsberg's former psychiatrist in 1971, had also undertaken a secret operation to halt a news leak that allegedly endangered the spy's life.

The project, possibly the mysterious "Project Odessa" that has figured in recent testimony about the affair, remains a secret.

Hints have been dropped in sworn statements by former Administration officials that it involved wiretapping and possibly other, more embarrassing incidents.

The sources said that the White House had asserted that it acted to halt publication of information about Central Intelligence Agency eavesdropping on Russian leaders inside the Kremlin, including Communist party chief Leonid I. Brezhnev.

Krogh Affidavit Cited

The head of the plumbers unit, Egil Krogh Jr., said in a affidavit last May that he was told by the C.I.A. in 1971 "that a news story had put in jeopardy the life of an intelligence agent."

The agent reportedly is not

an American and remains outside the United States.

Mr. Krogh did not specify the news story, but it was this time—Sept. 16, 1971—that the columnist Jack Anderson published a column saying that the C.I.A. had been able to eavesdrop on Kremlin leaders.

Mr. Anderson said in a telephone interview today that he had published the story only because transcripts of the overheard conversations convinced him that the Russians were aware that they were being overheard.

He said that he had deliberately omitted from his story any reference to the eavesdropping had been carried out. "I know how we did it," he said.

Even if the C.I.A. agent's life would have been endangered in 1971, there appears to be some question about whether full disclosure of the plumbers' activities would now cause the same danger.

The Chicago Tribune, reporting on the affair in a Washington-dated article today, quoted one anonymous official as saying that the agent was no longer active.

Another Official Quoted

The Scripps-Howard news service, in a similar article today, quoted another official as saying that not just one person, but possibly "a number of persons," could be harmed by disclosures about the plumbers.

The official hinted that it was the agent's family and friends "still in Eastern European countries" who would suffer, the news service said.

The White House, at various times, has briefed several high-ranking investigators about the matter.

They include the ranking members of the Senate Watergate committee, the panel's two top counsels, one former special Watergate prosecutor, Archibald Cox, and the present special prosecutor, Leon Jaworski.

Former Attorney General Elliott L. Richardson has also indicated knowledge of the matter. None have divulged what they learned, although Senator Howard H. Baker Jr., a member of the Watergate committee, has said that he believes disclosure should be made.

Mr. Krogh has been indicted on charges of lying to a Federal grand jury. His trial starts

THE WASHINGTON POST

Sunday, Dec. 2, 1973

McCord 'Gag' Poses Questions

By John P. MacKenzie

Washington Post Staff Writer

Does a federal judge have the right to restrict the freedom of a man on bail by ordering him not to give any public speeches?

The question is raised by the American Civil Liberties Union in the bail orders issued in U.S. District Court in the case of convicted Watergate conspirator James W. McCord Jr.

Chief Judge John J. Sirica gave the order Sept. 5, citing the danger of prejudicial publicity and his fear that Watergate defendants would "profit by their wrongdoing."

Last week Judge Sirica, extending McCord's freedom on \$50,000 appeal bond, also extended the restrictions. He said McCord could travel anywhere in the United States but could not give lectures, write articles or talk to news reporters.

McCord faces a prison sentence of one to five years, a much milder term than he apparently would have received if he had not offered to cooperate with Watergate investigators and the Senate Watergate committee just before his scheduled sentencing in March.

According to the ACLU, it is unconstitutional and beyond a judge's power to force a bail applicant to trade his First Amendment free speech rights for his liberty.

"A citizen does not lose his First Amendment rights because he is arrested, charged or convicted of a crime. He must be free to speak his mind on any subject before, during or after a criminal trial," the ACLU said.

The Constitution forbids excessive or unreasonable bail. Federal law confines judges in their bail orders before conviction, when the accused enjoys the presumption of innocence, to orders calculated to insure the defendant's appearance at trial.

After conviction, judges have more discretion to take into account danger to the community, but the ACLU said that even prison inmates are winning more rights to express themselves despite the loss of many other rights.

Legal experts cannot cite a direct precedent for

ica's order. In 1970, Judge Julius J. Hoffman threatened to revoke the bail of "Chicago 8" defendants who criticized him in speeches outside the federal court, but he did not carry out the threat and the speeches continued throughout the five-month trial. Lawyers for H. Rap Brown contended off and on that certain bail restrictions were aimed at keeping him from speaking, but they did not convince higher courts.

Civil liberties lawyers cite the case of convicted atom spy conspirator Morton Sobell for the proposition that free speech rights protect even federal prisoners who have been released under supervision of the U.S. Parole Board.

Sobell, who had been released on "good behavior" time after serving 18 years of a 30-year sentence, was forbidden to travel from New York to Washington to speak at antiwar rallies or to address a

meeting sponsored by the Communist Party.

But Judge Marvin E. Frankel in New York struck down the parole board restrictions as a violation of constitutional rights, which he said now reached even "inside prison walls." The Justice Department had argued that the power to confine a convicted person includes the lesser power to attach conditions on his liberty.

Supporters of Judge Sirica's action say that the critics may be correct in an abstract sense but that the trial judge has the hard job of weighing the intangibles of possible prejudice to future defendants.

No legal defense is offered for Sirica's other stated reason for the order. Even lawyers who deplore glorification of Watergate defendants in widely publicized public appearances do not contend that the judge's disapproval of lecture fees for convicted felons

is a valid basis for the restriction.

A similar restriction was placed on Jeb Stuart Magruder after his guilty plea last summer to one count of conspiracy in the Watergate cover-up. The curb, which does not apply formally to Magruder's release on his own recognizance, was not contested by defense attorney James C. Bierbower.

Charles Morgan Jr., director of ACLU's Washington national office, said the issue apparently will not be tested because of the natural reluctance of defense counsel to risk offending the judge. He noted that a trial judge holds the ultimate sentencing power and could find some other reason to revoke bail altogether.

McCord's lawyer, Bernard Fensterwald, refused to discuss the issue beyond saying that he had abandoned previous efforts to oppose the restrictions.

WASHINGTON MONTHLY

DEC 1973

Tactful Restraint at the CIA

The *Washington Post* has had so much good Watergate material that occasional gems get buried deep in the back pages like these illuminating paragraphs on the new head of the CIA, William Colby. They describe Colby's testimony before a House committee investigating the CIA and Watergate.

Colby also acknowledged that he sought unsuccessfully to conceal from former Watergate prosecutor Earl Silbert at an interview on Nov. 27, 1972, that it was White House domestic affairs adviser John C. Ehrlichman who requested CIA assistance for Howard Hunt Jr. in July, 1971, in connection with the break-in of the offices of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

In a "memorandum for the record" on the interview with Silbert, Colby said he "danced around the room several times for 10 minutes to try to avoid becoming specific on this, finally naming the White House, and was then pinned by Silbert with a demand for the name, at which point the name of the individual was given."

The name was Ehrlichman. Colby recited his efforts to withhold Ehrlichman's name in a White House meeting on Dec. 15, 1972, with Ehrlichman and then White House counsel John W. Dean III in the presence of Helms.

This was some six months after Helms and Walters realized, according to their subsequent testimony, that Ehrlichman and Dean were trying to implicate the CIA in the Watergate case.

Colby said he had hoped to withhold Ehrlichman's name from federal prosecutor Silbert because "there was a reluctance to drop somewhat inflammatory names into the kind of atmosphere that was around us at that time."

McCord Sees Term As 'Fair and Just'

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30 — James W. McCord Jr., sentenced to one-to-five years in prison for his part in the break-in at the Democratic National Committee office, on June 17, 1972, says that the penalties meted out to him and the other Watergate conspirators were "fair and just."

McCord was arrested, along with four other men, inside the Democratic headquarters. He was serving at the time as security coordinator for the Nixon Re-Election Committee and the Republican National Committee.

In a handwritten letter to United States District Judge John J. Sirica dated Nov. 18 and made public today by the judge, who sentenced the Watergate defendants, McCord wrote:

"Thank you for the justice and mercy which you have shown to me and the other defendants. I believe the sentences were fair and just and that consideration was shown to each of us.

"The prayers of our family are with you and your fine staff, for whom we have the greatest respect and admiration. We pray that the Almighty's guidance and support will be with each of you daily the days ahead."

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
GAZETTE

NOV 19 1973

And Now Mr. Jaworski Is Linked to a CIA 'Cover'

THE SUPREME IRONY in Richard Nixon's obsessive concern with "national security" (which, we have to stipulate, he has always regarded as synonymous with his tenure in whatever elective office he has held or wanted to hold at a given time) is of course the fact that he has compromised every national security agency that we have in one way or another.

For starters, he has used the Secret Service for pinching off single-person protest demonstrations that have constituted no kind of threat to the President's own person. Since this particular President considers not just his tenure in office as integral with the national security but his creature comforts as well, he has also used the Secret Service to Indian-wrestle the General Services Administration into okaying expenses out of public revenues for improvements to his privately-owned properties, as well as to his temporarily authorized public residential and working facilities, that also have nothing to do with the security of the President's person.

When the idea of burgling Democratic National Hq., was a little too much for even J. Edgar Hoover to stomach, the job was done "privately", anyway, and a later, Hoover-free FBI was used to help out in the cover-up, both under the unhappy L. Patrick Gray and under the new permanent Director, Clarence M. Kelley. It was, after all, armed FBI agents who sealed and stood guard over, not just Archie Cox's office, with all his Watergate files, but the offices of Richardson and Ruckelshaus as well—the whole script in the very best police state fashion.

★ ★ ★

But the key to it all may be the CIA, and we wonder if Watergate actually was not a CIA operation for all practical purposes, since it was the ultimate extension of the CIA mentality, no matter what the language of the law creating the agency may say about its staying out of the country's domestic affairs.

Watergate, after all, was pulled off (or almost pulled off) by a cadre of former full-time or part-time CIA employees, and, because of the number of actual or spiritual Batista-ites present, might

even be said to have been an extension of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, which was a CIA brainstorm all the way. (It must be remembered here that while John Kennedy supposedly went ahead with the planned operation that he had inherited from Eisenhower and Nixon against his own better judgment, his second public act in office was to assure the country that he was keeping Allen W. Dulles on as head of the CIA. His first public act was to assure the country that he was keeping Hoover on as Director of the FBI.)

If the CIA did not actually participate in the Watergate business in any real sense, it *did* participate in the break-in on Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist in Beverly Hills to the extent at least of supplying equipment and disguises to E. Howard Hunt, a former CIA agent, who was in on this little "caper," too. The CIA finally balked at supplying the bail money for the Boys of Watergate, as both John Dean and the former head of the agency, Richard Helms, have testified, Dean had confidently asked for bail with every expectation of receiving it.

Another thing that the CIA has always had in common with the many-splendored and much-ramified thing that was the Nixon re-election *putsch* is that both great "national security" enterprises could count on unlimited, unreported, and largely unasked about (if at all) gobs of ready cash. We know now some of the uses to which the Nixon money was put. But we will never know all the uses to which the CIA money has been put. We do not know, and will never know, for the Congress, the constitutional guardian of the exchequer, for the most part has never been allowed to know.

And so we get, in addition to things like the Bay of Pigs, Watergate and the Beverly Hills shrink's office, things like the clandestine subsidizing of *Encounter*, which up until the time that the CIA link was finally discovered had been a leading British intellectual journal.

And now, finally, in what we in the newspaper "game" call an up-dater, we discover that Leon Jaworski, who we fear will be a very special Watergate Special Investigator, indeed, was once involved in a foundation that "laundered" CIA money for special, naturally unspecified, purposes, in a manner quite consistent with the laundering of the Texas oil money that, discreetly filtered through a Mexican Connection like so much hash, actually helped pay for the actual (or, at least, claimed) physical expenses of mounting the Watergate Raid. Parallels, parallels. Examples, examples.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
7 December 1973

Intelligence units may be trimmed

By Reuter

Washington

The Defense Department's intelligence force would be cut by more than 20 percent under a plan being considered by the Pentagon, U.S. officials say.

Pentagon sources say the Defense Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency would lose 12,000 personnel worldwide over the next four years, if the plan is approved by Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger.

Intelligence-program chiefs argue against the cut, saying it would impair the defense-intelligence capability.

One official says there is a possibility the recommendations of the reduction study, ordered by the Deputy Defense Secretary William P. Clements Jr., will be modified.

Officials note that Secretary Schlesinger feels the Pentagon spends too much money on headquarters support items, and not enough on new weapons and other items directly affecting combat regiments, and indicates there will be some cut in defense intelligence.

The secretary also believes in more centralized control of all intelligence efforts and lessening duplication by various government intelligence agencies, as outlined in a presidential directive in November, 1971.

The CIA is presently conducting a study evaluating the entire intelligence community. Pentagon officials say the CIA study group is informed of the Pentagon proposal for defense-intelligence staff reductions.